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The Week

IT IS still an open question whether President Hoover's anti-hoarding campaign will do more good than harm. Quite possibly, the newspaper publicity will cause at least a temporary increase in the withdrawal of funds from banks, among people who had not realized the situation and now find their attention called to it in the most dramatic way. The propaganda which is now in progress suggests that hoarding is all the work of individuals, presumably small depositors, seeking to protect their own interests selfishly at the expense of the common good; but in fact, this is not true. Much of it is being done by the banks themselves, which are holding millions of dollars in currency in anticipation of runs. Millions more are being held by big corporations which are keeping their surplus funds in this form. Ultimately, the responsibility for hoarding lies with our bankers, and with the laws under which they are permitted to operate. Hundreds of thousands of persons who trusted the banks a year, or two or three years ago, have lost much or all of their savings in the failures of some four thousand institutions. While this has been happening, it is worth while to remember, there has not been one failure in Canada or Great Britain, whose laws might well serve as a model for the rewriting of our own. It is, we submit, highly questionable whether a single individual, as a result of all the ballyhoo in Washington, will put one hundred dollars into a bank which he believes to be unsound. If he thinks a bank is secure, then he needs no urging to make him use its facilities. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, if it works out as Mr. Hoover hopes, will provide the groundwork for the restoration of confidence. If it does not, then all the campaigning which the President's aides can do will be worse than useless.

SOME idea of the power of the Chinese boycott may be obtained from a statement made recently by the chairman of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, and quoted in The Manchester Guardian. Shortly before the beginning of the present military operations, he reported that *eight hundred thousand tons* of Japanese goods were lying in various Chinese ports, all having been ordered by Chinese importers and then refused because of the boycott. It is not sheer patriotism among the Chinese which caused these goods to be rejected; in many cases merchants feared reprisals if they accepted them, and in some instances, when they attempted to do so, the Chinese banks refused to permit the withdrawal of funds for the purpose. The loss to Japan at the time mentioned, including that based on goods which have not yet been shipped to China, was already estimated to be ninety million (American) dollars. Among the goods lying in Shanghai, some of which are rapidly deteriorating, are cotton yarns and textiles to the value of nearly $4,000,000; sugar worth $225,000; half a million dollars' worth of coal; paper worth $1,000,000 and sea products to the extent of $1,750,000. The losses to Japanese steamship companies are put at $17,000,000. In certain lines, the goods lying in Shanghai and other harbors represent only one-tenth of the total curtailment of trade already inflicted by the boycott. These figures help to explain the urgency of the Japanese demands that the boy-

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cott should cease. They fail to explain, however, how it is hoped that friendly commercial relations are to be restored by the wholesale butchery of Chinese men, women and children.

THE air is thick with rumors of secret treaties. It has been alleged repeatedly in the past week or so that France has a private agreement with Japan, aimed primarily at Russia, an agreement of a character which prevents her from making any effective protest either against the Manchurian adventure or the war at Shanghai. This report presumably was first set afloat by the Russians; and the French have countered it with a similar story, that it is Russia herself which is in alliance with Japan. This theory is offered to explain the extraordinary forbearance with which the U.S.S.R. has thus far accepted the actions of the Japanese in Manchuria, which have seriously imperiled Russian interests at several points. We do not know whether Russia and Japan have a secret understanding, but there are at least four things which make it seem unlikely. (1) The Japanese authorities are as bitterly opposed to Communism as are those of any other Power, and are gravely alarmed over its growth in Japan. (2) The Russians are now concentrating troops in eastern Siberia which can only be used either against Japan or against an attempt at counter-revolution. (3) There is in fact the beginning of a counter-revolutionary effort of Tsarist Russians, under the blackguard Semenov who has been for years notoriously under Japanese protection. (4) The Soviet government has an excellent reason for its forbearance thus far, which is that if it became embroiled in a war with Japan, the conflict would prove a fatal handicap to the last eight months of the Five Year Plan. Not the least interesting aspect of this whole matter is that if France or Japan has such a secret agreement, either with each other or, in the case of the latter, with Russia, it is a flat violation of the obligations imposed by the League Covenant; yet hardly anyone takes the trouble even to mention this aspect of the affair.

THE Russians have a habit, highly embarrassing to the other Great Powers, of coming to disarmament conferences and proposing immediate, complete and universal abolition of armies and navies. The unreality of their own programs being thus revealed, these Powers always explain that Russia is just bluffing; it never seems to occur to them that the ideal way of calling her bluff would be to accept the suggestion. The French have just made a suggestion which really deserves all the criticism usually leveled against the Russians. They have asked that the League of Nations should be equipped with a super-army and navy of its own, the famous and familiar "world police force." They know, of course, that there is absolutely no chance that this suggestion will be accepted; patently, they have put it forward merely as a piece of camouflage behind which [illegible] accept any important reduction of armament. Ideally, it may some day be desirable to have one small army and navy in the world, internationally controlled, and used against bandits and pirates. But the melancholy fact is that we are far from being ready for such a thing, and that it is France more than any other Power which bars the gate. France would like to see an international military force which could be used to supplement her own strength in maintaining the injustices fastened upon Europe by the treaties of 1919. She would expect it to be used against Germany or Russia, or any combination of these with other states dissatisfied with the present French dominance. She has never seen the League as anything else than a useful device to pull her chestnuts out of the fire for her. Her proposal simply confirms the belief that there is not one chance in ten thousand that the Geneva conference, now in progress, will accomplish anything of importance.

AT LAST the tariff legislation in which the British Conservatives have been urging for so many years is about to be enacted by Parliament. All along, there has been some confusion as to the object of British protection. Some have advocated it as a sure remedy for depression and unemployment at home. Others, while deploring the tariff system, have urged that Britain join the procession in order to have something with which to bargain in getting the duties of other nations reduced. The latter principle seems to be largely embodied in the government's bill. The general level of duties is only 10 percent, but much higher rates are permitted against the goods of nations which place higher rates on British exports. This is, of course, a bargaining tariff. The view that protection itself provides no guarantee of prosperity, especially in Great Britain, must be sustained by the news that in spite of the high temporary duties which have been in force now for several months, the number of unemployed increased by over 218,000 in January.

THE letter of Lord Hugh Cecil to The London Times, quoted by Mr. W. Diamond on page 22 of this issue, makes an ingenious suggestion about the war debts. Lord Cecil points out that no money was sent across the ocean when the debts were incurred. It was all spent in America for goods (mostly munitions) which were then transmitted to the Allies. Why shouldn't the same process be used in making payment? Why shouldn't Great Britain, for example, manufacture various products to the amount of her annual payments on her debt, and send them to this country to be sold by the government and the proceeds put into the American Treasury? Logically, there is no flaw in this proposal, but actually, if there were any likelihood that it would be undertaken, the screams of protest which would rise from the hysterical throats of American manufacturers would be heard around the

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mestic market shall be flooded with British goods brought in (of course duty-free) in payment of war debts. They even object to payment's being made through British service; a proposal is this week before Congress to cut off British and other foreign ships from establishing credits here by taking Americans on "cruises to nowhere," or to the West Indies. What they want is, in fact, that the war debts shall be paid in gold, which is physically impossible. We should be delighted to see a formal offer by Great Britain to meet her obligation by payments in kind. Better than anything else, it would show up the absurdities of our present demand that Europe shall pay us while we do everything possible to prevent that payment.

WITH the winter half over, and with no likelihood that unemployment will be alleviated during the next few months, the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of New York City has announced that half of the $18,000,000 which was contributed for relief has already been spent. Though at the present time it is estimated that public and private charitable agencies are spending money at the rate of $6,000,000 a month, this covers only 7 percent of the wage loss. Thus far, about 118,000 families have been given aid in New York City, but the Welfare Council estimates that there are at least another hundred thousand families who are in desperate need and that conditions are growing progressively worse as credit and savings become exhausted and unemployment increases. Within the next five months, $30,000,000 will be needed in order to prevent untold suffering among the families of the unemployed. It is impossible to expect that this huge sum can be raised by public appeal, and unless the responsibility is met by the city, state or federal government, we shall be confronted by a complete breakdown of public relief.

HOW other cities throughout the country are meeting the demands for relief is described in a report issued by the United States Children's Bureau. According to this study, the average monthly expenditure for general family relief in 1930 in thirty American cities ranged from a low of $7.91 in Omaha to a high of $37.94 in Springfield, Massachusetts. Detroit spent a little less than $9,000,000 in 1930, at an average of $36.70 per family; Cleveland averaged $27.21; Washington $21.57; St. Louis $16.39; Chicago $15.07; St. Paul $12.52; and Columbus, with $8.89, nearly equaled Omaha's low record. The report states that when general family relief, mothers' aid, veterans' relief and assistance to the blind are included, tax funds provided 76 percent of the money given, while in the thirty-one cities investigated 24 percent came from private contributions. The cost per capita for general relief, exclusive of administrative expenses, ranged from twelve cents to $5.26. In twenty-one metropolitan areas the relief given to families amounted to less than one dollar per inhabitant, and in only three did it amount to more than two dollars. In six of the cities covered by the report, including Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans and Washington, there were no public departments providing general family relief in 1930. As our readers are well aware, in some cities relief is not being given for the simple reason that all funds are exhausted; and in others, such money as remains is rapidly disappearing. It is impossible to see how the most desperate suffering is to be avoided without substantial aid from outside sources; and the only source which exists is the federal treasury.

FOR the first time in history, an old-age-pension bill has been favorably reported by a congressional committee. The House Committee on Labor has done this in the case of H. R. 7926, a bill which would provide federal aid to state old-age-pension systems. The bill provides an annual appropriation of $10,000,000, an extremely small sum compared with what the American government spends on other matters—on naval and military armament for example—to be allocated among those states which may set up adequate pension plans, the federal money to constitute only one-third of the payments to the aged. The bill provides that pensions would be afforded only to American citizens who are sixty-five or over, have total property of not more than $5,000 (such property is in many cases, of course, non-income-producing) and have no children or other relatives who under state laws could be required to support them. The aid is predicated upon an assumption of payments to the extent of not more than one dollar a day for each individual. We hardly need to argue to our readers the desirability of this bill. The position of the aged, which in many thousands of cases is bad enough even in times of prosperity, has become desperate with the advent of the depression. The use of federal funds is justified because the national treasury can obtain revenue from income and inheritance taxes which in many states do not exist, and because this plan will save decades of time necessary for the installation, without it, of separate old-age pensions in the various states. Our readers can perform a useful public service if they will write to their representatives in the House in support of this bill, and to their Senators on behalf of the equivalent bill introduced by Senator Dill of Washington, and known there as S.3037.

ON PAGE 21 of this issue, The New Republic prints a letter from Mr. George Rublee commenting on an editorial in The New Republic of January 27, "The Sordid Story of Foreign Bonds." Mr. Rublee spent five months in Colombia conducting the negotiations with the Colombian government, of which he writes, and has, therefore, an intimate knowledge of the transactions he describes. We are glad to present to our readers his point of view in regard to

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the disputed question as to the relation between the American State Department, the Barco concession and the loan by the New York bankers.

Military Peace-Makers: France and Japan

IN EUROPE, the chief military nation proposes that peace be safeguarded by an international army to put down any future revolt against the existing distribution of power and territory. This gesture is probably sincere in the sense that France would be perfectly satisfied if the other nations accepted it. It is insincere in the sense that the French statesmen know the other nations will not accept it. They are putting it forward to furnish an excuse for retention of existing armaments. You will not guarantee peace internationally, France will say; therefore we must be strong enough to do it ourselves. The essence of the matter is that France will not trust a peace except one maintained by force of arms. Indeed, the only kind of peace she is willing to allow is one which must be so maintained.

In Asia, the chief military nation also is asking international sanction for an armed peace. Has Japan violated her pledges not to seek her ends by force? Has she, in contravention of the Nine Power Treaty, assailed the territorial and administrative integrity of China? Never mind, she says in effect, I am not really disturbing the peace. I am clearing out of Manchuria the Chinese generals and armies (bandits) who have created trouble or are likely to create it. I propose to "demilitarize" Manchuria (of Chinese militarists) and preserve peace by force. I expect the Powers to back my services in maintaining the status quo which I am creating. In China proper I cannot undertake the task alone, but I propose that the Powers join together to capture and hold the five principal trading cities, keeping Chinese soldiers at a prescribed distance from them. This may be a violation of Chinese integrity, but the policy of allowing the Chinese to establish their own peace has not worked. The rest of us must do it in our own interest, and the use of force in doing so is justified by the result.

It is no accident that the French and the Japanese are in sympathy with each other, that they understand each other's language. No secret treaty is necessary to explain their bond. This sort of thing seems perfectly natural to the imperialists in Great Britain, in the United States, in every nation. The idea of military pacification is as old as Caesar's legionaries. A superior force in a region incapable of successful resistance wipes out or suppresses "disturbing elements." It decrees that henceforward in that region there shall be no resistance to the will of the dominant power. The result is, of course, peace—as long as it lasts. It is the peace of conquest. It is the peace of manifest destiny. In modern times, it is justified as the essential preliminary of profitable investment and successful trade. The only difference between the policy of France and that of Japan is that the status which France wishes to enforce is that created by the conquest established by treaty in 1919, while the status which Japan wishes to enforce is still in process of being created. France's Manchuria is Central Europe.

There will be no lack of voices in the United States urging support of the policy of France in Europe and of Japan in Asia. These powers are, the voices will say, the strongest elements in the situation. We have no means of preventing them from doing what they wish. If they succeed, they will establish the tranquillity which is essential for economic progress. All that we have to do is to make sure that our own national interests are protected under the peace which they will establish. If they will admit us as partners in their exploitation, that is all we can ask. It is better, the voices will say, to have peace on the terms of France and Japan than not to have it at all. Bankers and "realists" will come around to this point of view—provided only that some promises be made to take care of American investments in Germany and to maintain the open door in Asia. Temporary irritation against the French and Japanese governments may be allayed by concessions along these lines. It will appear that the French and the Japanese are really as great lovers and supporters of peace as anybody, and that their attitude is prompted by the hard realities of their respective situations.

It may easily be that both Powers will win temporary successes in their present line of action. The goal of a peace which does not have to be maintained by force of arms, a peace of mutual consent, may be waved aside as a pleasant but impractical illusion of ineffectual idealists. And yet we can think of nothing more unrealistic in the long run than to accept any share in guaranteeing the kind of peace which may be established by force. To be sure, we are not so soft-headed as to imagine that order can ever be maintained, either in a nation or in a world state, without some sort of police power. But the secret of the successful use of police power is that it is directed against relatively small anti-social minorities, that it is supported by the general consent of the community. The experience of government everywhere continually teaches us this truth. You cannot enforce unpopular laws, even in the most peaceful society, and no tyrannical government ever succeeded in maintaining order for long, even if it does keep a precarious hold on titular power.

In Manchuria the Chinese outnumber the Japanese twenty to one. Manchuria is next door to a China which cannot, as a whole, ever be subdued, and in which the fires of a new nationalism are continually resurgent, in spite of years of fighting

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and confusion. The neat military project of suppressing all forces in Manchuria which can now resist the indefinite extension of Japanese economic interest is sure to lead to trouble in the future. Anyone who thinks he can safely invest his money, either in Manchuria or in Japan, as long as Japan is committed to the project of pacifying Manchuria, is an incredible optimist, in view of the history of the world in recent years. As for the project of seizing the five greatest cities of China proper and holding them as international territory against the country in which they exist—it is an insane manifestation of the imperialist idea. It might conceivably work for a few years. But any nation which participated in it would be giving hostages to certain trouble.

In Central Europe the French formula for peace is similarly fantastic. The objections to the settlement created by the War are not imaginary; they are real, and have had a large share in creating the endless turmoil which has occurred ever since and the economic anarchy which now prevails. There is no possibility of final settlement by clamping a military lid over the steaming pot, whether with international or with French armies. Any nation which accepts a partnership with the French in this endeavor is sure to be involved in war, sooner or later.

We need not question the sincerity of either the French or the Japanese governments in putting forward their respective projects for militarized peace. We need only know that both are profoundly mistaken, that in their assumption of hard-boiled realism they are as romantic as anybody could well be. They are not even serving their own best interests. Apparently they have been incapable of learning from history; they must still have more experience before they understand how peace can really be guaranteed. We may not be able to stop them. But at least we can disavow any responsibility for the results which will ensue.

Democratic Light Horses

THREE men, all of whom have been discussed as possible Democratic nominees for President, have lately taken steps in furtherance of their various candidacies. Newton D. Baker, who has been fulfilling what is supposed to have been a personal pledge to President Wilson by recommending the League of Nations in season and out, has suddenly come down to earth and announced that the League, of course, is not an issue in this year's campaign. Thereupon Governor Franklin Roosevelt, presumably alarmed by the impetus thus accorded Mr. Baker's cause, has given the League an even more vigorous repudiation, and one which, considered purely as fact and not as political propaganda, has much to commend it. It is not, he explains, the League Mr. Wilson envisioned; if it were, he would still be for it. It is dominated now by selfish European Powers, and America must keep clear of it. And as though to clinch his position as a Little American, Governor Roosevelt adds that the war debts must be paid in full—something which he, as an intelligent realist, must know cannot and will not happen, not even though, as he suggests, the tariff should be lowered to make it possible.

The third of the trio, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, has at last broken his silence and announced that he is willing to accept the presidential nomination, though he will not campaign for it in advance of the convention. The latter half of the announcement, of course, means precisely nothing; his friends will do the campaigning in any case, and they are already hard at it in all the states which have presidential primaries, and in which his cause is not obviously hopeless. We agree with our Washington correspondent that Smith's candidacy does not mean that he has the slightest expectation of again obtaining the nomination and making the race. His object is not to become President—he knows by now the fatal handicaps which are attached to him and which, if he were the candidate again, would ensure the election of any Republican nominee, even one so unpopular as Mr. Hoover. He hopes, however, to keep under his control enough votes to defeat the man whom he has come to dislike so bitterly: Governor Roosevelt.

The eagerness of these candidates, and of the half dozen others who might be named, is sufficient evidence of the high Democratic hopes this year. In the last three national campaigns all the insiders knew perfectly well, many months before the election, that the Republicans were all but absolutely certain to win. This year, what with the results of the depression and Mr. Hoover's personal unpopularity and ineptitude, the Democrats believe that they have a good fighting chance; and the struggle for the nomination is a natural consequence of that belief.

But while this explains the eagerness of the candidates, it neither explains nor condones the attitude they are taking. Not one of them has thus far shown signs of measuring up to the opportunity which confronts the party, or of having any convictions which are any more important than the conviction that he would like to be President (or, in the case of Mr. Smith, the king-maker behind the scenes). The statements of Messrs. Roosevelt and Baker give good examples of the old trick of the politicians—trying to be all things to all men, to seem isolationist to those who want isolation, and internationalist and coöperative for the other school. On many other questions which are of the highest importance they are, of course, blankly silent. It is no answer to say that party policies must be decided at the time of the convention, and will appear in the platform. The platform, as everyone knows, will be a hodgepodge of generalities, many of them mutually inconsistent, designed

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for the purpose of appealing to as many diverse groups as possible, and to be forgotten on the day after the election, if it should serve its purpose and help to achieve victory. If the Democratic party is to have any real chance of winning, it must be under the leadership of men who have convictions and are not afraid to stand by them.

Is this a counsel of perfection? We do not believe that it is. While it is probably true that most of the people who vote the Democratic ticket this year will be voting against Mr. Hoover and not in favor of anything or anybody, it is folly for the Democrats to rely too heavily upon this fact, and hope to drift into power on mere negativism. The country is in the midst of an extremely serious crisis, both national and international. In both its aspects, it calls for leadership of an unusual character. Personalities are always overemphasized in American politics, and we are not implying that men are more important than principles. What is needed is a man with principles, principles adequate to the emergency. Thus far, the various Democratic dark horses, who are now bathed in the effulgence of self-directed spotlights, show in our judgment a disconcerting failure to realize that what the country wants is not just another Hoover with a different party emblem.

Mankind Prepares to Die

THE World Disarmament Conference which is in session at Geneva has the limited purpose of effecting a reduction in arms through some loose agreement among the Powers. The chance of success in such conferences, as we know from past experience, rests upon whatever preliminary understandings have been reached in private by the leading actors. But in the light of recent Far Eastern incidents, and of the manifest helplessness of the League of Nations, pessimism is now more rampant than ever with regard to all the international covenants and pacts set up since 1919. One hears strange talk among people without memories that a new war might be "good for business." Another Shearer may appear tomorrow at Geneva to confound all those who long for peace. In the meantime, a mere glance at the map of Europe and the mere reckoning of the billions spent by her supposedly ruined states for military preparations tell us how highly charged is the situation at all points of contact.

The latest peace-making venture may fail. But if little or nothing is done now to end the peril of a new major war, if none will take actual steps to avoid it, then we may as well resign ourselves to our strange fate and arrange our affairs. We should inform ourselves as clearly as possible upon the nature and conditions of such a war; and the present moment is an excellent one to do this.

For years we have been hearing vague rumors of miraculous progress made in military technique. But late in 1931 there was organized in Europe an inquiry by the Inter-Parliamentary Union upon "What Would be the Character of a New War?" This precise and authoritative symposium, in which leading scientists, investigators and military strategists collaborated, was recently published in London; it creates, despite occasional disagreement over detail among the authorities, a splendidly definite picture of the next great war. That this would be technological and civilian in character we have generally known. It is upon the question of defense, however, that the new inquiry is most illuminating. Judging from the preoccupation of the military scientists, the armed nations are more passionately concerned now with defense than with destruction. Is there, in truth, any possible defense against the new instruments of death whose scope no one has yet grasped?

It is no secret that the military leaders in the last war were deeply disappointed with the immobile character which trench warfare assumed on the Western Front toward 1915. Artillery defeated its own object; it had reached the end of its cycle of 1918. The military mind then turned toward new tactics in the search for mobility and speed. Cautious statements of the German, English and French experts, Lieutenant General von Metzsch, General J. F. C. Fuller and General E. Réquin, show us that modern strategy now favors a more compact land force, made up of mechanized and motorized army units having large corps of technicians attached to them. With the smaller forces, they will seek to cross frontiers, strive for advantage of position. But behind the compact force on land or sea, and behind its more numerous reserves, there will be the longer arm of destruction which, from a great distance, will strike at the vital centers, the populous industrial regions, of the enemy nation.

No longer will armies seek to decide the issue upon the field of battle. The prime object, as Ludendorff has expressed it, will be "to break the will" of the whole enemy nation, and, by paralyzing all its productive activity, place it at the mercy of the victor. Hence all military speculation has turned toward the aerial and chemical arms which are to be combined in the "surprise air attack."

The airplane, formerly a useful auxiliary to land and sea operations, is now "a hundred times more destructive than in 1918," according to the military authorities. To its vastly greater speed, cruising range and lifting power, is added the advantage of radio control. Pilotless airplanes will be, in effect, nothing but air-torpedoes. The Maxim silencer offers concealment; bombing by means of precision instruments avoids waste. In the meantime, the three types of bombs which may be discharged have also been thoroughly perfected: the incendiary bomb, weighing only a kilogram, capable of piercing steel, and developing a heat of 3,000° Fahrenheit; the explosive bomb, also greatly reduced in weight with respect to its destructive power; and most

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marvelously developed of all, the poison-gas bomb.

At the direction of war departments throughout the world, animals with respiratory systems similar to that of *homo sapiens*, goats, rabbits, dogs and guinea pigs, have been slaughtered in laboratories by the thousands so that a gas might be discovered which was cheap, odorless, invisible and also capable of penetrating any mask. In developing "Lewisite" particularly, as well as a great variety of other new gases, the more civilized nations of the world have kept abreast of each other in approaching this ideal. Therefore, the war departments of the Great Powers which are now holding conversations upon disarmament have each mapped out the other's capitals and industrial regions for purposes of attack.

Let us visualize, for a moment, the surprise air attack as the military experts plan it. Instead of an entrenched army, a crowded metropolis would be the objective, with its skyscrapers, its canyon-like streets and subways, no longer protected by such oceans or mountains as once set barriers in the path of invasion. Its tall buildings would offer excellent targets for explosive and incendiary bombs which could easily be administered by a fleet of a hundred airplanes. The loosened and burning debris would topple into the streets, which would soon be choked with jammed automobiles, with terrified mobs, with the bodies of the mutilated and dying. The subways, the subterranean passages under buildings, would offer no safety to the frenzied masses who would die like rats, as a "wave" of gas followed the bombardment and the fire. On the outskirts of the city, as well as in its heart, the monotonous and systematic destruction of factories, oil-tanks, power stations, water reservoirs and food stores would continue until nothing was left. Nothing save, perhaps, a few bank vaults.

But could not the invading air squadron be warded off by powerful defensive strokes? The anti-aircraft gun, to be sure, has been greatly improved; yet experts consider it of only the slightest value. Again, a fleet of defending airplanes could take the air at the signal of alarm. But this too would offer, so far as we know, but little protection. The records of air attacks by the Allies in 1917-1918 upon the German base of Mannheim-Ludwigshafen, show that out of fifty-four raids in which whole squadrons of German planes took the defense, only seven forced engagements resulted, and only eight attacking planes were shot down. Only once was the enemy prevented from bombing the town. More recent maneuvers over London at night, by 250 airplanes, have revealed that the searchlights are all but useless. The air is still an "ocean."

The gas attack—can any protection be devised against this? It has been proposed that millions of gas masks be distributed in the large cities; that the civilians be trained to obey signals of alarm and proceed to places of safety where purefied air may be breathed. But the masks are costly, deteriorate quickly, must be of different construction for each of the gases employed. Finally, they would be of no avail against certain known gases, which even in minute quantities have a deadly effect. What would be needed would be diving suits. But even if the total population on the "home front" were given diving suits, how could they withstand the effects of some forty tons of "Diphenylcyanarsine," said to be enough to devastate all of London?

No; according to the experts themselves, there is no hope for defense against the existing engines for the new war. The rival Powers are armed with weapons for mortal blows at each other, while bearing no shields. (Yet this vulnerability, in the past, has been no guarantee of peace.) Only partially effective defenses might be set up against manifold dangers. As in the Middle Ages, our cities could be turned into fortresses, only in this era they might be specially prepared for attack by gas and explosive rather than the sword.

The most sensible proposals made, as a result of the inquiry by the Inter-Parliamentary Union, are that we should all take to living under the earth with the worms and the moles. Under a layer of thirteen feet of concrete, or eighty feet of earth, there would be reasonable security against explosive bombs up to a ton in weight. Arrangements for ventilation in these subterranean cities might be complicated but not entirely impossible. As a further precaution, experts have advised that our cities and industrial centers be completely decentralized. Our skyscrapers, by a reverse process, should be extended downward into the earth, if we would not continue to remain lamentably unprepared. All this revision of our whole physical civilization would obviously be costly. For that matter, it has been estimated that even the building of public "shelters" as a partial measure of safety, would exhaust most of the revenue of present-day governments. Yet how can the issue be evaded? We are naked and helpless. We do nothing to end the danger of tomorrow's war, although its character has clearly declared itself such that we must all become cave-dwellers once more.

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The State and the Land

COUNTRIES like Germany and England are hit hard at a time of fierce international competition for markets; they have learned to rely for life on those markets. Each has a producing plant, with its population nicely allocated to the plant, which cannot run without heavy foreign trade; when the trade breaks down, the country suffers. But it is strange if our economists would still have us dreaming and working for a great development of our own foreign trade—emulating the England of a century ago, the Germany of half a century ago. Do they not see where that policy has brought England and Germany, now that overproduction is worldwide and here to stay? And do they think that there is no other economy open to us?

So fixed is our idea that we have a future in international trade that we have embarked on the program of extending credits to embarrassed nations, in order to smooth the waters and restore trade quickly. We keep them productive at a time of general overproduction. Our economists latterly are pretty well agreed that this is an impossible program to undertake for the benefit of individuals. Nevertheless, the leading idea of our foreign policy just now is to save Europe without the liquidation of a single nation.

We would never have thought of saving Europe if we had been right and sound at home. The foreign markets offered by a saved Europe are expected to save our hugely overproductive society from itself. Our domestic economy is out of balance: the production side being consistently far ahead of the consumption side. So we are desperate, we will try anything, even to the saving of Europe, if it promises to find us new purchasers and right the balance. But our producing plant is 30 to 50-percent idle; and all the foreign markets in the world, the European included, have at best taken but a tenth of our production. What incredible piece of luck do we expect from trading with a saved Europe? If we go at the foreign trade ruthlessly and expertly enough, and really succeed in so underselling our competitors as to get back to producing at full capacity—to say nothing of expanding this capacity—we will ruin Europe faster than we can save it, and having ruined Europe we will have cooked our goose. The name of that policy is economic imperialism, and no policy could look much vainer or more dangerous. If on the other hand we should join, as is barely conceivable, in some international program of rationalization, we shall have to see the world markets allocated among the nations on the basis of their actual equipment for production, and our own quota will offer an insignificant degree of salvation to our producers. Europe, to see if there is no way to put them to

Let those nations whose populations must live by a foreign trade fight to the death to get it and hold it, as indeed they will and must. But we are not in that position; we are incomparably stronger. We are not as Britain, nor Germany, nor Italy, nor even France. Our economic distinction is a great one and a simple one; it consists in the fact that we have plenty of land. Does that mean nothing to the political economist? It ought to mean an important instrument of national policy. Through the land we may save our population at home, we may stabilize our economy, we may remain quite independent of an international competition which is bound to break more nations than it can possibly make.

There are 200,000 miners in Britain who have not entered a mine since the War, and are reasonably certain never to enter a mine again. But suppose there were an abundance of cheap land available in Britain. Would any intelligent ministry, harassed with the task of keeping them and their families alive, spend half an hour in deciding to colonize them and thus to take them off the public treasury?

We have no group of unemployed in this country perhaps quite so miserable as the British miners. But we do have problems of the identical sort. We can see clearly now what a capitalistic economy has done for us. It has bestowed upon us a great aggregate wealth, but with this good, or following this good, comes increasingly an evil that it does not seem possible to eradicate. In capitalism there is an inherent tendency to excessive investment out of income, causing overcapitalization and overproduction. This means, on the part of the capitalists, the waste of their capitals, and sometimes the total extinction of them. But for the workers who were attached to these capitals it means something rather worse—unemployment and plain destitution. And these evils do not wait for a great business collapse to reveal themselves, either; they attend constantly upon capitalism, even in its very impulse toward greater efficiency. For its new machines are continually evicting men from its factories; and its improvements in organization, both vertical and horizontal, are continually evicting middlemen and small owners and personnel. Altogether, capitalism is causing the producing society to grow more and more exclusive, which means, incidentally, that the purchasing society must grow more exclusive too. Both capitalists and wage earners are in excess, and the surplus constitutes a body of reputed citizens whom our economic society cannot assimilate. They are on the consciences of our statesmen; and no wonder these latter look yearningly at

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work producing for a foreign trade. But they are looking in the wrong direction.

How then is the land to save us? In this simple sense: those who have lost their places in our ordinary capitalistic society may begin all over upon the land, rather in the manner of their pioneer forbears if necessary, and take their living not from a capitalistic community but directly from the bounty of nature. In that position they are free, independent, economically immortal.

We must make a clear-cut distinction between two land economies: a modern *capitalistic* or money economy, and a much older *agrarian* economy. It is not by applying capitalism to the land that we can help ourselves; we have lately been trying that with all our might and know it to be a mistake. The capitalistic landowner conceives his land as a factory, producing goods exclusively for sale, and himself as the sort of consumer who must buy with money all that he consumes. The trouble with farming on that basis is that the industry is even more overcapitalized than others. The owners get a smaller return (if they do not get a negative one) and the wage earners get a smaller wage. All the farm land in this country is a capital ready if we please to produce for a market; always enough of it is actually producing to glut the market and ruin the business. Nothing will save the farmers in the sense of enabling them to sell all the produce they can raise. Our experiment with a Federal Farm Board, which tried on a modest scale to do something of the sort, would have written into our economic history quite its most ridiculous chapter, except that it has at least offered a demonstration which was really required by many people of the hopelessness of saving the farms as a pure industry or as a form of capitalism.

An agrarian economy does not conceive of the land as a capital to earn with, not primarily at least; but as a direct source of subsistence for its population. This is the most ancient of economies, which many times has proved its validity. It persisted very largely in this country until about two generations ago, and in some places, as in the South, it still occasionally persists. Pioneers and frontiersmen practised it almost exclusively. Colonies of German or Swiss or other immigrants are capable to this day of taking mediocre American land and erecting on it a sound economic community with hardly the use of a dollar.

But generally, in complex societies, the farmers have mixed their primary agrarian economy with some capitalistic economy too; they have made a living with their own hands first, and then they have made their money crops on the side. After all the industrial, professional and urban populations have to be fed; and after all, their services, while not quite indispensable, are desirable for people generally, including farmers; and nothing is more natural than exchange. But half the total of them will be in settling upon the land those who this market, and the rest of it must go to furnishing themselves. It will be hard to dispute the following as a proposition in economics: the farmers, if they will put their agrarian economy above their money economy, may have about all the money they are now making and most of their own living besides.

Farming today ought to be easier than it used to be, because the technique has improved. Economists of the most realistic sort are needed to give new body and practical detail to an agrarian recovery. But spiritual leaders are needed too, to emphasize the value of full-blooded agrarian living as compared with the technical and rather routine lives that most of us are obliged to lead under the capitalistic dispensation. Our old agrarian practice created a manner of life which was individualistic, dignified and full of esthetic satisfactions. There is no danger for the present in overdoing this side of the appeal. Capitalism has always hurt some of us spiritually, and now pinches many of us physically, and for both reasons it is time for a considerable defection from an economy to which we subscribed too unanimously and too earnestly.

It is easy to prophesy that those who are already on the land are going to stay there; there is no place for them to go. And they are being forced by economic pressure, for the most part without indulging in any theory about it whatever, to fall into agrarian ways once more; into providing gardens, orchards, chicken-yards, smokehouses, dairy cows; even into repairing their tumble-down habitations, seeing they are going to be there a long time. It is not very daring to predict also that more and more of the ex-farmers, having met with a chilly welcome from the capitalistic world, will find their way back to the land. That movement too has begun. Let us remark that if this movement means only another money-making venture, with land as the capital, it is a movement from the frying-pan into the fire.

But there are many whom economic logic would send back to the land that cannot get back on logic alone; they cannot unaided even find today's bread, much less transportation and tools and land. Should they be aided by the state, acting advisedly to formulate and finance a general agrarian program?

I shall not venture to claim that the state should immediately act toward this end. Our economists and statesmen are evidently not convinced that the state needs to do anything yet for the relief of its surplus of citizens. But we shall soon know better whether there is actually with us a considerable body of the "permanently unemployed"—melancholy phrase, officially sanctioned for the first time recently by the President of the United States, who is reported to have used it in considering the general problem of unemployment relief. But when and if the state does undertake to use the public moneys for such relief, the most rational disposition

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may be humanitarian but it is not economic, it does not cure; this month's dole is of no effect in preventing next month's. Nor is relief through public-construction projects any better; if the projects were sound, they ought to be constructed anyway; if they are not, they may become as extensive as the Pyramids, and still fresh projects will be necessary to take care of the unemployed next season. There is but one way to make the beneficiaries, these derelicts of a capitalistic society, into self-sustaining and self-supporting citizens: by inducting them into an agrarian economy.

How would the state proceed? In Denmark the method which was successfully employed for half a century, and abandoned only when all the land was filled up with small owners, was for the state to finance the purchase of land for the indigent purchasers. That is the easiest way. Another way would be for the state to buy up and keep on hand a great deal of land, which is plentiful and cheap, for homesteading. This way might involve machinery, red tape and bureaucracy. But it would have the great advantage that the state could satisfy itself better that the land was being occupied for genuine agrarian purposes, not for money-cropping. The state could assist in the development of real agrarian communities, and lend the instruction of its expert economists. We have had in this country a great deal of experience with homesteading; and though this would be a very elaborate kind of homesteading, there are probably no appalling difficulties.

But without an agrarian movement, whether private or official, we in our capitalistic economy are drifting into an impossible situation, like that of Europe, and the only way we shall get out of it is by abandoning our individualistic code of ethics, which is bred in the bone, and substituting socialistic devices. I imagine that Americans would prefer some agrarianism. The moralists ought to be pleased with it, and the capitalists themselves, now bearing the brunt of taxation and threatened with annihilation, ought to be delighted. The objections will come from professional economists, insulated in their capitalistic communities and having never heard of agrarianism; and from professional publicists who have conceived such a grudge against capitalism that nothing will stop them from killing it, even if in doing so they must kill the Western conscience too. JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

TWO POEMS

Elegy

Jefferson Davis: 1808-1889

No more the white refulgent streets
Never the dry hollows of the mind
Shall he in fine courtesy walk
Again, for death is not unkind.

A civil war cast on his fame
The four years' odium of strife
Unbodies his dust; love cannot warm
His tall corpuscles to this life.

What did we gain? What did we lose?
Be still; grief for the pious dead
Suspires from bosoms of kind souls
Lavender-wise, propped up in bed.

Our loss put six feet under ground
Is measured by the magnolia's root;
Our gain's the intellectual sound
Of death's feet round a weedy tomb.

In the back chambers of the State
(Just preterition for his crimes)
We curse him to our busy sky
Who's busy in hell a hundred times

A day, though profitless his task,
Careless what Belial may say,
He who wore out the perfect mask

Ode to Fear

Variation on a Theme by Collins

Let the day glare: O Memory, your tread
Beats to the pulse of suffocating night—
Night peering from his dark but fire-lit head
Burns on the day his tense and secret light.

Now they dare not to hunt your savage dream,
O beast of the heart, those saints who cursed your name;
You are the current of the frozen stream,
Shadow invisible, ambushed and vigilant flame!

My eldest companion present in solitude,
Watch-dog of Thebes when the blind hero strove;
'Twas your omniscience at the crossroad stood
When Laius, the slain dotard, drenched the grove.

Now to the fading, harried eyes immune
Of prophecy, you stalk us in the street
From the recesses of the August noon
World over, crouched on the air's feet.

You are the surety to immortal life—
God's hatred of our universal stain,
The heritage, O Fear, of ancient strife
Compounded with the tissue of the vein.

And I, when all is said, have seen your form
Most agile, and most treacherous to the world
When on a child's long day a dry storm
Burst on the cedars by the sunlight hurled.

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Alfalfa Bill

ANYONE who wants to see an Eastern politician squirm needs only to mention Alfalfa Bill Murray, Oklahoma's two-gun Governor. The most common nightmare of Roosevelt and Ritchie—not to mention the Republicans—is a vision of Alfalfa Bill marching at the head of his victorious state militia and six million farmers armed with pitchforks. Murray is out to capture the Democratic convention and then the White House, and he's throwing as big a scare as General Coxey did in 1894.

Already they have tried to buy him off. "Yes, they held the bait right out in front of me," says Bill, referring to three Roosevelt men who came to offer him the vice-presidency. But the answer was an emphatic No. "I'm not going to have myself tied up in a vice-presidency where I can't do anything but sit and look at my toes," he told them. "I'm going to be satisfied with nothing except a place where I can do something for the people."

And these aren't empty words. Although several of his pet measures were defeated in a state referendum, Murray was given a three-to-one majority over the combined votes of all rivals in a presidential poll in his own state. Today he has an enormous following in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. Even in the far-off state of Washington, he took second place in a newspaper poll in which Hoover placed fifteenth.

Nowadays, when a record crowd is wanted at a country fair or a political rally in the Middle West, Alfalfa Bill is sent for. And almost invariably the tousled Oklahoman is hailed as "a second Lincoln," as a Moses destined to lead the nation out of the valley of two-bit wheat and business depression.

More than any other politician since Jackson, Murray is a people's candidate. "I learned my politics out there in the country," he said at his inaugural, to which he came on borrowed money. "Don't know as I'm much of a politician, but I do know people, and people make a government."

At his inaugural ball that night, the "people" were on hand to greet him. There were cowpunchers, farmers in overalls, Indians in bright blankets, wealthy oil men, preachers full of Genesis and gin, professional gamblers, prostitutes and mothers with squalling babies. When Alfalfa Bill —after bracing himself with his usual meal of eggs, onions and milk—arrived at the statehouse, the halls were so packed that national guardsmen were helpless and musicians had quit playing "Turkey in the Straw" for fear their fiddles would be broken. But everyone had a grand time, including the urchins who amused themselves by swinging from ornaments high above the rotunda.

Murray didn't carry out his campaign promise to rent the Governor's mansion and live in the garage—that promise, he explained before the election, was meant only as a joke. But he did plant potatoes in the six acres between the mansion and the capitol, for the benefit of the poor, and he has had the state distribute $300,000 worth of seeds to needy farmers and increase the gasoline tax to pay for further relief. His first social function after the inaugural was a quilting bee for old women.

When he's out making speeches, Alfalfa Bill puts on no more airs than at home. He usually travels on local trains, wears unpressed cotton clothes, smokes black cigars almost incessantly, leaves his hat on indoors and for men audiences relates unprintable anecdotes from an apparently exhaustless supply. Sometimes he accommodates reporters by standing on his head and by showing that, despite his sixty-two years, he can kick higher than anyone else in the group.

When he started out to become Governor two years ago, Alfalfa Bill had more odds against him than did any of the other eight aspirants. Three of his opponents were millionaires and four of the others were known as skilled administrators. Murray had returned only recently from Bolivia, where he had wasted five years and all his money in a futile colonizing project. He found that most of the Oklahomans—even those who weren't paralyzed by Jamaica ginger—had completely forgotten him.

They had forgotten the author of their state Constitution, the man for whom their cow college was named, the one who had taught farmers to quit raising potatoes at a loss and to start raising alfalfa at a profit, the congressman who, after serving two terms, was cast overboard in 1916 because he exposed secret treaties and laughed at the promise that Woodrow would keep us out of war.

When he started out on his third attempt to become Governor, Murray had only twelve dollars and no means of travel except hitch-hiking. But one admirer donated a hunk of cheese, others passed the hat and smart-alec newspapers did the rest.

The Oklahoma press was just discerning enough to dig up the less acceptable names, "Bolivia Bill" and "Cocklebur Bill," and by a campaign of ridicule to boost Murray into the Governor's mansion. A woman columnist on an Oklahoma City daily was his most effective—though unwilling—campaigner. This gal told with horror that Murray wore a dirty undershirt and ate hot cakes with his fingers. For years, she said, he had lived in a house with a sod floor and without a bathroom.

She forgot, of course, that four-fifths of the

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people of Oklahoma have no bathrooms and that many of them are proud of having lived in houses with sod floors. And she had no answer when Murray wanted to know how she had discovered that his underwear wasn't clean. The voters of the Sooner state quickly realized that Murray was one of their kind, and in the election he carried sixty-four out of seventy-seven counties.

The man who thus became Oklahoma's first citizen had had a generous share of ups and downs since that day when, as a boy of twelve, he had run away from home to pick cotton and chop wood for a living, cooking his own meals on stones and sleeping on the ground. He had been a cowpuncher, a farmer, a school teacher, a newspaper-subscription agent, a statehouse reporter in Texas, and a lawyer—in addition to having been a politician and a colonizer.

Today William Henry Murray, with his seedy clothes, his yellow, wrinkled skin and his bushy mustache, looks like a genial hobo. But his twinkling eyes, even more than his words, disclose that he is something more than either a tramp or a clown. He takes to clowning because he enjoys it and because it gets him attention and votes, but he knows what he wants and usually he gets it.

Despite his amazing knowledge of constitutional law, Alfalfa Bill believes in direct action. His way of slashing red tape was dramatized in his war of the bridges. Because corporations owning toll bridges across the Red River refused to come to terms with the governments of Oklahoma and Texas, the states built free bridges. But when these new bridges were completed, the corporations obtained a federal injunction to prevent their being opened. Alfalfa Bill then called out his militiamen, who opened the free bridges and routed the Texas rangers who were enforcing the court injunction. The new bridges stayed open.

Equally successful was his war on the oil companies, which were buying oil at a dime a barrel and selling it for as much as the market would bear. Murray told the companies to pay a dollar a barrel or close down. When the big corporations refused, he called out the guardsmen again and the flow ceased. Within a few weeks every company came to terms, and Bill and the producers celebrated.

Of less happy outcome, however, was Murray's noble attempt to protect his lawmakers from the sins of the big city. A simple country squire, he was shocked to find the hotels of the capital—and even the statehouse itself—infested with bootleggers, gamblers, bribing lobbyists and women with overdone faces and underdone virtues. He was especially horrified at the aggressiveness of brazen ladies who "get the unsophisticated member from the small town or country into their graces until he ceases to resist temptation."

To remedy this deplorable situation, he proposed to erect on the capitol grounds a legislative office building and dormitory to cost half a million dollars. The rooms would contain lights, tables, rugs, chairs, electric refrigerators and beds—single beds for the bachelor assemblymen and double beds for the married ones. No person less than sixty years old would be employed in this haven and then only after he had been recommended by the ministerial alliance of his home town.

But, alas, the mulish legislators didn't appreciate this effort to shield them from temptation. And as a result of their stubbornness they are still soaked in corn whiskey and still preyed upon by lobbyists and red-hot mammas. Murray is a consistent Dry, drinking nothing stronger than buttermilk, but his lesser jobholders require strong diversions to compensate them for having to live in such a barren state.

Next June, Alfalfa Bill will be hell-bent for Chicago, to take part in what he calls the "disputin'." This will be the fourth time he has helped his party choose its presidential candidate. It will be his big moment. For, even though he may realize—as many of his admirers already do—that he has no chance to grab the nomination for himself, he may have enough of a following to be an essential factor in the final vote. He has been credited with starting the swing to Wilson at Baltimore in 1912, and those candidates he doesn't like have plenty of reason to fear him.

Meanwhile, the Sage of Tishomingo slumps in his cluttered office in the Oklahoma capitol, snarling, "What do you want?" as each visitor comes in and dismissing each with "Get on out—I'm busy," as soon as his business is disposed of. On crowded days he tilts back in his chair at noon and eats his lunch from his lap, letting the crumbs fall where they may. And always he spits straight ahead, whether a cuspidor's there or not.

One thing which worries his devoted followers is that on his recent trip to Washington, D. C., Alfalfa Bill compromised his democratic principles by having some pressing done and by including in his bag a "monkey suit"—otherwise, full dress. They are even more concerned over his new policy of anchoring the visitors' chairs in his office. These chairs are now chained to the radiators, and the one nearest the Governor is four and a half feet away. He had had enough confidential blah from jerkwater politicians. "I chained the chairs down," he explained, "to keep folks from putting their faces plumb into mine."

People familiar with the bathing habits of rustic Oklahomans—with the rot-gut drinks they consume and with the aggressiveness of Sooner whoopee girls—these can sympathize with the Governor's desire to limit the familiarity of his callers. As his intimates fear, this show of personal scruples may offend some of his supporters and may hurt his chance to gain the White House. But, after all, maybe Alfalfa Bill would rather be civilized than be President.

WAYNE GARD.

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Congressional Jingoes

> Except that no person mentally, morally and otherwise qualified shall be debarred from citizenship by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes, but every alien admitted to citizenship shall be subject to the same obligations as the native-born citizen.—H. R. 297, introduced by Representative Anthony J. Griffin of New York.

THE DISSENTING opinion of Justice Holmes in the Schwimmer citizenship case and the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Hughes in the Macintosh and Bland cases received a hearing on January 26 and 27 before the House Immigration and Naturalization Committee. At least that was in effect what took place, since Congressman Griffin, sponsor of the measure, and the other proponents all expressed their hope of turning these opinions into law through the bill.

When the record of that hearing appears let no one mistake it for a satire on American patriotism. Whether it inspires laughter or despair, that record will set forth the prevailing beliefs of a large proportion of American congressmen. The central theme of those beliefs is that any alien who will not promise to bear arms in all wars which this country may join is a coward, is either a Communist or motivated by sympathy for Communism, is immoral and, therefore, must be denied citizenship as an essential protection of the American government.

One cannot exaggerate the bitter, even venomous scorn which was flung at the proponents of this measure. It was typified by the Reverend William Matthew Holderby of Chicago when, standing on tiptoes, his fist extended in a violent gesture and his face scarlet from the intensity of his passion, he enlisted the code of Al Capone and Chicago gangsters against the Griffin Bill advocates. "The gangsters at least have a code," he shouted. "When one of them doesn't live up to it he is put on the spot. Some types of these proponents ought to be put on the spot!"

However, do not imagine that Reverend Holderby was an isolated example of furious patriotism. The Chicago parson differed from other opponents of the bill only in being perhaps a shade more eloquent and graphic. Spokesmen of the patriotic societies attending en masse poured forth such torrents of fear and hatred as have not been heard on Capitol Hill since the Red-hunting days of A. Mitchell Palmer. And the congressmen added more than their share to the flood of villification.

The small committee room in the House Office Building was jammed when the hearing opened. The majority of the audience was composed of women, elderly women, patriotic society women with medals on their chests and grim determination in their bearing. The atmosphere was patently one of high voltage.

One scarcely expected to see the congressmen leap upon the proponents of the bill so soon, and with such evident relish. They were supposed to be hearing arguments, not making them. Congressman Thomas A. Jenkins of Ohio expressed the general attitude of the committee by remarking to the audience on the second day of the hearing that all the speeches were really superfluous because "our minds are already made up."

It was what Congressman Jenkins sarcastically called the "learned dissertation" of Professor Jerome Davis of the Yale Divinity School which, applauded by the audience, burst the gates holding the congressmen's wrath in check. Professor Davis marshaled the statistics of church publications favoring the Griffin Bill. At one point Congressman Arthur M. Free of California suddenly exclaimed with fierce indignation, "Do you mean to infer that eighteen million Catholics are for this damnable thing you're trying to put over!" Further on in Professor Davis' argument reference was made to the Federal Council of Churches, to Bishop Francis J. McConnell and his associates on the Council. Instantly the congressmen almost literally spat in disgust at the mention of these men and their religious organization.

Only one other proponent escaped unmerciful bullyragging at the hands of the congressmen. That was Attorney John Finerty of Washington, whose vigorous presentation of the legal and moral arguments in favor of the bill, preceded by an outline of his corporate connections as a lawyer, seemed to subdue the congressmen. Other witnesses in favor of the measure, including Henry I. Haviland of the Quakers and Dr. Samuel A. Grubb of the Mennonites, were all ridiculed for upholding what Congressman Free described as "this will of God business." "Who's going to determine whether it's a war by the will of God or not?" he asked with a grin. Then he added that as far as he was concerned the government is more capable of determining that than any other agency he knew.

While the proponents' half of the hearing provided full play for the congressmen's hunting instincts against the people who, Congressman Johnson growled, would let down the bars to pacifists and similar types, eager to "gnaw, gnaw, gnaw and undermine our government," not one of the opponents was heckled. They were all sympathetically led on and thanked at the conclusion of their remarks. The tenor of all their comments was the same—the bill is an attack upon the gov-

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ernment fostered by enemies of the government.

Certain crescendoes of emotion should be noted, however. Mrs. Ethel Nock of the American War Mothers brought tears to the eyes of her associates by parading her intimate personal sorrows. Frank L. Peckham, vice-president of the Sentinels of the Republic, asserted that though a large proportion of the Expeditionary Force had "philosophical objections and religious objections to war . . . you can serve God with your soul, and serve the government with your body." Then, seeking to illustrate his fanciful argument by quoting the Lord's Prayer, he started off glibly, "Thy will be done . . ." and broke down. There was a painful silence, interrupted only by his stuttering, until one of the congressmen helped him out.

However, the highest point of the two days came when General Amos Fries, champion Red-baiter of America, took the stand. The ground had been well prepared for him by the preceding witnesses, including his wife and all the other patriotic ladies. A broad hint of what the congressmen could expect had come early in the hearing when one of the congressmen was cross-examining Professor Davis regarding his war service. As a final question the congressman asked, "Do you belong to the American Civil Liberties Union?" When Professor Davis answered, "Yes, I do," a chorus of exclamations went up from the patriotic spokesmen and the congressmen. "Aha!" this chorus said in effect, "that explains you and your sinister aims."

So, when General Fries was summoned, with his large bundle of incriminating pamphlets, books and papers, the congressmen sat back in their chairs confident that the whole evil plot, emanating from the Civil Liberties Union, would be exposed. Their confidence was not misplaced. Picking up pamphlet after pamphlet and letter after letter and discarding them as if they were contaminated with a loathsome disease, General Fries painted the picture of the dangerous organization. Reverend Harry F. Ward, Roger N. Baldwin, Bishop McConnell, Reverend Worth Tippy, Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick—all members of the Union—were either Communists or Communist sympathizers because at one time or another they had all been "buddies" of the Communist leader, William Z. Foster.

Reveling in the stir his disclosures were creating among the congressmen, General Fries wandered farther and farther afield. He finally picked up a Methodist pamphlet entitled, "Young People's Relations," and with nose averted hurriedly dropped it, saying that he would "blush" to read it aloud to the congressmen. Though it was well past luncheon time, several of the congressmen called for its reading, as did many of the audience. Meanwhile, the pamphlet had been picked up by Congressman Jenkins and was being shared by him with some of his associates on the Committee. General Fries finally retrieved it and again said that he would blush if compelled to read it. The acting chairman spared him that ordeal but asked him to tell what was in it. He explained that it proposed a program whereby young girls and boys would meet separately to discuss the sex problem under the leadership of an adult. But, horror of horrors, the pamphlet also recommended the use of Mary Ware Dennett's "The Sex Side of Life" in such discussions!

Again the reader may suspect exaggerations. No, these are only sketchy highlights. There is not space adequately to describe the other, almost continuous, highlights, including the renunciation of Bishop McConnell by the big, young Texan Methodist, Congressman Martin Dies. He simply couldn't believe General Fries' insistence that Bishop McConnell is a bishop of the Methodist Church. "Well, he sure doesn't speak for me," ejaculated Congressman Dies, who has introduced a resolution in the House calculated to offset the Griffin Bill by refusing citizenship to any alien who takes the oath of allegiance with any reservation.

The importance of this Griffin Bill hearing may be debated. Henry Mencken, it is certain, would say that it is material fit only for laughter. He would warn against treating it with indignation. But as I sat through the hearing, my reactions were mainly those of embarrassment. I felt as if I were being let in on an appalling display of intimate vulgarity. Yet the importance of the hearing in these times of rising nationalism can hardly be overestimated.

The congressmen and other opponents of the bill, representing an undeniably large public, could see no middle ground. The Kellogg Pact and the world's peace machinery were ridiculed and, it must be said, with telling effect. Japanese aggression in China was cited and the supporters of the bill were set down by inference as wanting to let Japan walk over the United States.

"The more sincere, the more high-brow, the more intellectual they are, the worse they are," declared "Demmy" Lloyd, inheritor of Chicago Tribune millions, whose father defended the Haymarket anarchists. Referring to the possibility of "an outbreak" in this country because of economic conditions, he said that the advocates of the bill would be found "on the side of those causing the trouble and would make it more difficult to restore order."

Congressman Griffin was stunned by the fury of the attack upon the proponents. In a pathetic speech at the close of the hearing he renounced "the Communists, pacifists and sexualists" to whom General Fries and the others referred. He explained that he wrote the bill on the spur of the moment the day following Justice Holmes' opinion in the Schwimmer case. He was moved by that opinion and wanted to further it, the opinion of "true American tolerance and of a great American spirit."

GARDNER JACKSON.

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Bankrupt Liberalism

In The New Republic of February 10 appeared an article by Mr. Edmund Wilson, "What Do the Liberals Hope For?" in which he criticized four well known American writers whom he described as liberals. The following statement by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, one of the four men discussed by Mr. Wilson, was prepared at the invitation of The New Republic, as a comment on Mr. Wilson's article.—THE EDITORS.

LIBERALISM is bankrupt, as Mr. Edmund Wilson argues, and illustrates; his conclusion is as weak and uninspiring as some of ours. He might have answered the question he asked, pointed his own way out or accepted that of Marx, Lenin or Stalin. But never mind his bad example. I would rather enforce than turn his charge that we liberals stand today defeated and dumb before a crisis which calls for leadership or counsel.

And by way of enforcing the choice Mr. Wilson does not yet himself take, let me suggest that we would all be helped by facing a few facts, the first of which is that we liberals, the world over, have had our day; we and our liberal principles, practices and promises. In this country we were the leaders or the backers of the reform movements of the pre-war period and our experiments resulted in the reform only of the graft system, in the improvement of the administration of rackets, which have increased in number, power, value and efficiency. Abroad we made the War, we made the Peace and we did not make, we resented and resisted, the Revolution which found it necessary to shoot, lock up or somehow remove out of its way, a lot of us Mensheviks. For that's what we are, we Western liberals: Mensheviks. We, too, had a dogma, and our dogma was fixed, not only upon our aims, but upon our methods. Indeed, we were surer of the way to go than we were of our destination. Our aims were, and they are, vague and various. Hence it is that we failed to hail the victory of the Bolsheviks as a discovery of "a" way to do whatever it is that has to be done. We were defeated, they had succeeded, but we were shocked to shame, sorrow or cynical despair at the spectacle of the Communists "seizing" power in the crisis of the Russian Revolution, taking it from the Miliukov-Kerensky liberals who failed to use it; leaping upon the empty throne and using sovereignty, not to practise but to lay an economic foundation for the practice of our merely political ideals—democracy, justice, liberty—and other ideals, many more, which we never deemed possible or altogether desirable.

None of this was done by our methods!

If we had been liberal-minded, if we were experimenters and learners, if we were clear and determined in purpose and intelligently or even honestly aware that, never having won out and always being licked, we did not know exactly how to proceed to our ends, then the emotional shock of the planned Bolshevik triumph and succeeding procedure might have given us pause to think, that maybe—maybe our methods are not quite right; maybe those rude, Marxian socialists are not so dead wrong. Maybe their way is "the" way. Maybe we can't achieve democracy by broadening the ballot and moving majorities. Maybe we can't get liberty by guaranteeing it on a piece of paper and exercising free speech. Maybe we can't have justice for the asking and prosperity by making wages higher—a little. Maybe it is unnatural, unscientific, impractical, to practise what we preach.

Watching the Bolsheviks succeeding even in success, we might have listened to their theory that in our evolutionary world you have to plant the seeds of the harvest you want to reap in cleared, ploughed soil and protect the plantation while it grows.

It is, I admit, heart and head-breaking to see the job begun and carried on over there by a dictator and a small minority using force when they don't know how otherwise to govern. My own old, stout liberalism was shattered by the sight, close up, of this working experiment. But I rejoiced, too; some others rejoiced with me that the deed was done and a path blazed for us. It enraged certain of my Bolshevik Russian friends when they heard me say "we" had won. Did I mean that I had won, they asked, I and my American reformer friends? "Yes," I grinned. "I and we fought and died in New York, Cleveland, Denver, California, Mexico, where you and we were defeated. But it's a war, isn't it? So what do I care for setbacks on the American continent now that you and I—we have won the great battle of Russia in Asia." My Russian friends reluctantly knuckled under; my retort was a form of their own belief and highest hope. But they had me on one point that pricks.

My (our) victory in Russia did take some of the fight out of me. The growing success over there made all progressive movements and liberal programs seem superficial, long and rather hopeless. And to start out again at the bottom to plan to search deeper toward the roots for a revolution—that looks like a long, hard course to take for an old, habituated Menshevik with only a thin skin of Bolshevism on his hardened arteries. It is pleasanter, easier, to sit on the fence and contemplate our progress in Russia, watch it work over there, and listen to the Wall Street sentries appraising it right—as they do and as the liberals don't—at its true significance for us; while I encourage younger men like Edmund Wilson and his readers to pick up and bear on the burden here in this our backward country. I can say to them that it was not the boom that knocked me out and it is not the depression that encourages me to encourage them. There are some signs of a direction to mark down and follow. They are in business, not in politics; I see no light in politics. In business, however, in industry which governs politics, there are managers who see and say that with the mass production of machinery, there must be mass consumption which requires higher and ever higher wages for the masses who are, in the mass, labor. There were not enough of these prophets to establish and hold up this buying power, this time. They were defeated, like us liberals, this time. But they say that they are going at it again, next time, and they see in the dark of this encouraging depression that there is great extravagance and waste in their overhead. They almost see who cause and profit by those leaks. It seems to me that the managers begin to see the owners of things and that ownership is the source of our troubles. Now, it is extremely doubtful that managers of this

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sort will increase in number, power and insight enough to go on, find ownership and save the owners from it. But that is about the only movement I see that is moving in a hopeful direction here. If it fails, and no one invents another—then you and I and the world, if it please, can always lie down and say:

"Oh, well, anyhow, there's Russia."

It's a very different world from the world we were born into, we liberals, democrats and (I almost forgot) the Socialists.

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Washington Notes

Wet Republicans—Smoking Out Hoover—Al Speaks—Hearst for Garner—The La Follette Bill

WITH THE Japanese-Chinese conflict exciting the world; with notes and protests flowing in a steady stream from the State Department; with the Reconstruction Emergency Finance Board struggling to get started; with the administration and the Senate in a state of deep perturbation over the Glass bill, which proposes rewriting the banking statutes of the country—with these and various other things to take their minds off their business, one wonders how the politicians can find the time to practise their profession. But they do. Nothing really diverts them.

The truth is that concentration upon local and personal interests is not confined to politicians but is characteristic of the people as a whole. Prohibition, taxes and the presidential nominations are of vastly more interest to the ordinary man than war between Japan and China, particularly as the chance of our being really involved is generally considered too remote to worry about. At any rate, the political leaders on both sides within the past week seem to have increased rather than diminished their activity. For instance, in New Jersey the Wet Republican leaders, having had several painful lessons on the unpopularity of the Dry cause in their state, have by a series of maneuvers apparently succeeded in preventing a pro-Hoover delegation from being appointed in that state. It is suggested that this method will be employed by the Wet Republicans to force Mr. Hoover to abandon his position on prohibition. Exactly what that position really is I have never been able clearly to understand—nor do I know of anyone who has. All I know is that he does not personally believe prohibition has proved up, yet he is willing to continue to let it alone.

The Wet Republican element, which is much more militant and formidable than it was in 1928, is determined to pry him loose from this attitude if it can. No secret is made of the fact that a similar effort will be made in Massachusetts, in New York and Connecticut. In Pennsylvania they do not seem to care, though Mr. James M. Beck of Philadelphia is the Wet Republican leader of the House, and very militant indeed. Still, the Philadelphia organization, after conference with Mr. Vare, who says he is personally "uncommitted," announced for Hoover; named its slate of delegates, including thereon the Honorable A. W. Mellon, but omitting the Honorable Gifford Pinchot; and offered its unconditional support.

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as they were annoyed by that of New Jersey. In fact, I have rarely seen the usually suave and amiable Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, who is the real head of the Hoover campaign, more disturbed.

It is not difficult to understand why. If New Jersey Wets get away with this sort of thing, it will certainly encourage Wets in other states to try the same scheme. The movement might easily gain an impetus that would divert attention from the economic issues upon which administration leaders wish to center it, and shift it to the emotional and explosive prohibition question, which they wish to subordinate. The position of Mr. Walter E. Edge, Ambassador to France, who is highly regarded by Republican politicians in New Jersey, offers a possible solution for the administration politicians. They might make it a condition of Mr. Edge's diplomatic position, or, if he is to be promoted, impress it upon him as a primary duty to straighten out this New Jersey situation before he does anything else. If Mr. Edge can't do a little thing like that in his own state, then he is no diplomat at all, and should stay home.

On the Democratic side, interest is of course centered in the statement by the erstwhile man of mystery, former Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith of New York. The Governor has announced that he will accept the nomination if the Democrats come and wrest him like Cincinnatus from the plow. But he won't seek any delegates before the convention, nor do any campaigning on his own account—no, sir, not he. He will, if I may change the figure, just sit and wait coyly, with his finger in his mouth, hoping that the doorbell will ring.

The answer to which is, "Banana oil!" Long before the convention, we shall see Al's friends putting up Smith candidates in the primaries in the so-called Smith states. How can they help it, in view of what he has said? In American politics, either you absolutely refuse to be a candidate, or else you run with all your might, however much you tell the public that you are just standing and listening in a receptive position. Personally, however, I still believe that Al does not expect to be nominated. He thinks it is a tragedy that he had to be the candidate in 1928 when the Democrats had no chance, and not in 1932 when they have a very good chance, but he knows that it is just one of those things, that under his leadership this year the Democrats would take a belting second only to the one they took before. What he does hope to do is to make his candidacy the rallying point for anti-Roosevelt sentiment before and during the convention, until Franklin D. is politically dead and buried. Then Smith will throw his weight behind someone else. That's the plan, and a pretty plan it is. The only trouble with it is that it is too transparent, was sprung too early. A good many Democrats are going to resent having their party's future all laid out for them this way—even by Al Smith. And even in Democratic politics, personal resentment of this sort may prove important.

Hearst's recent movement to nominate Speaker John N. Garner looked to me and a good many others like a menace to Roosevelt's candidacy, increasing the chances of preventing him from getting a majority on the first ballot. The argument was a plausible one. Garner's strength would

come naturally from the South and West. Those are the sections in which Governor Roosevelt has his chief support. The shrinkage of Roosevelt's chances would be in exact ratio to the increase in the number of Garner delegates. I was impressed.

However, there is another side to the argument. In Mr. Garner's own state of Texas, which, of course, he can have if he wants it, Roosevelt is distinctly and decidedly second choice. This is an anti-Smith state. It will not willingly play the Smith game in the convention and Mr. Garner is far too shrewd a politician to attempt to do so. Further, there seems now no particular promise that Mr. Garner will get any delegates outside of Texas on an early ballot. Mr. Hearst is hammering with all sixteen of his papers but, so far as I can see, is making no progress for his candidate, who will not enter the primaries anywhere and will not come out against Roosevelt.

As for other candidates, Governor Ritchie, apparently, has no delegates outside of Maryland, and Mr. Baker, though he put himself back in the race in his last League of Nations statement, is simply available as the compromise candidate in the event of a deadlocked convention. That is what he has been from the start. There is no change in his position. Actually, the Democratic situation has not changed much in a good many weeks. The Roosevelt lead has been conceded for a long time. The South and the West have been for him since March, 1931. Mayor Hague, Mr. Raskob, Mr. Smith and the Illinois group have been against him. It is still an open fight—not so open as it would be had the anti-Roosevelt forces centered behind a candidate and, with Smith's support, made a campaign for him. The Massachusetts and Pennsylvania primaries will tell the story. If Roosevelt carries either of those states, neither Mr. Smith nor anyone else will be smart enough to prevent his nomination. If Mr. Smith has something up his sleeve, he has got to pull it out in those two states.

Very soon now the battle in Congress over direct relief in the form of federal appropriation for the unemployed and distressed will be in full blast. The best judgment seems to be that a modified La Follette bill will pass. By modified I mean a reduction in the amount from $375,000,000 to perhaps $150,000,000. The progressives will all support the proposal. Some of the regular Republicans will support it and a considerable number of Democrats. So far as the latter are concerned, the number depends entirely on Mr. Garner, who has a control over his party in the House which is practically complete.

I think Mr. Garner will favor the appropriation. One reason I think so is because Mr. Hearst is one of its strongest advocates. I do not mean that Mr. Garner might not favor the appropriation if Mr. Hearst were against it, or if Mr. Hearst were neutral. I am not charging that Mr. Garner's views depend upon Mr. Hearst's views. I do say, however, that the fact that Mr. Hearst is a flaming advocate of direct federal relief certainly does not prejudice Mr. Garner against it, and I think inclines him for it. In other words, if there is a way to go with Mr. Hearst on such an issue without compromising his conscience, I think Mr. Garner gladly will go that way.

One thing that bothers the Democrats in dealing with this issue is how to make it accord with their proclamations concerning rigid economy and retrenchment. Further, there is an opposition to it among some of the more influential of their New York financial advisers. Still further, there is the obvious necessity of adding to the tax increases if the Democratic "We balanced the budget" idea is to be carried out. However, Mr. Hoover may solve these problems for them. In all probability he will veto the bill, and it is not likely the veto can be overridden in the Senate. In that event the Democrats could take credit for voting to care for the starving and cold, their taxation job will not be made heavier and they can blame Hoover for being heartless. I think a lot of them will be pleased if it works out that way.

Washington. T. R. B.

My Aunt Lavinia and the Faculty

IN THE CLUB lounge I saw lately my old friend Professor Elmer, here in New York for some conference or other of history professors, a matter of a few days only before he returns to the labors of his university. Professor Elmer is a man who looks a little strawlike but full of concern. He told me of trouble they had been having just lately. There is a young assistant of his, it seems, who has shot suddenly into a great following among the students; they take his course willy nilly, whether they are specializing in history or not, and it is evident that this young lecturer's opinions and remarks have a good deal too much of sex and radicalism in them. Things having gone so far, it has become evident also that the presence of such an influence among the student body is of doubtful character. The dean, therefore, Professor Elmer and five or six more professors have had two or three informal meetings at one another's houses, discussing the case and preparing a suggestion to be made to the president as to how it should be dealt with.

I listened with the greatest attention to this gleam from academic heights, thinking of what this young man may be reading and saying that may—or, of course, may not—be alive, and wondering what effect this movement or criticism may have on him—which will depend on the sort of man he is and how his fortunes lie at present. And I thought of these meetings among people, some of whom he must consider his friends, or at least gentlemanly acquaintances, and most of whom he must meet or come into some amount of contact with very often, and of their not having told him a word as yet of what they are planning to do. These are not shining human matters to dwell upon, however, and have been dwelt on before, more or less, by many of us. What interests me is that, after a while, I found myself thinking of my Aunt Lavinia and what she would think of it all, and imagining a meeting, as it were, between her and Professor Elmer in which, knowing and liking the young man—as might happen—or hearing fully of the case, with its lectures, secret meetings, morally jealous heat and so on, she would discuss it.

My Aunt Lavinia is now past seventy. She never had

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which her husband was killed by a fall from a horse; and having developed about then some heart trouble that kept her half a prisoner in life, she has never been anywhere. She has been sitting there in her father's old house these many years, reading, talking, receiving visits and moving around here and there a little in the town. For this imaginary meeting, however, between my aunt and Professor Elmer, I must mention her education. My great-great-uncle, her father, like everybody else in the Deep South, was left by the Civil War with land enough but no money, so that his daughter had no college or boarding school, had no, that is, what they used to call advantages. There were two or three battered governesses and then my uncle took his daughter's education into his own hands. He himself was something of a scholar, or at least so in the old sense, for he had a taste and a good deal of acquaintance among classic authors, mostly Latin, and from his stay at the University of Virginia some general humanistic basis for thought and living. The little girl had a room next to his study, and a sofa there on which she used to lie and read. This was all the education Aunt Lavinia had. I have heard her laugh and tell how her father would insist that the conversation at table when there were no guests should be full of history and quotations for her good; and about the time she muddled up the place in Virgil about the owl on the roof. She half forgets the verses, *solaque culminibus* something something *bubo;* what she remembers is that, though the yellow jasmines and white roses were in full bloom just then, blackest winter seemed to rule.

But this is not my Aunt Lavinia and Professor Elmer, and I must assume that she has known him through some years, so that she may not seem rude or forward in the argument, which she would never be.

She would ask Professor Elmer, as coming fresh from that meeting, to explain the case to her, and would, as he went over it, listen quietly, somewhat too quietly he would know if he knew her as well as I do. And then—

"We know that such opinions are not entirely new in the world," he says, by way of conclusion, after having given an account of the meeting, the professors there and what they said.

"Ah, yes," she says.

"Our own problem here," he says, "concerns the question as to what is advisable for the minds of students. Such minds, we must remember, are not mature."

"I see. And this Professor Edwards—"

"Not professor. Mister. He is an assistant."

"Thank you, mister then. You say such minds as the students' are not mature. And Mr. Edwards' is mature?"

"Yes, well, no," Professor Elmer says, "I should say that Mr. Edwards' opinions are immature, highly immature."

"Why not? I should think immature thought would be just right. Immature thoughts for immature minds."

"No, my dear lady, you yourself must admit that for immature minds we need the utmost maturity of thought. Otherwise the danger is evident."

"Oh," she says, "mature thoughts for immature minds. And for mature minds immature thoughts."

"No, no. Surely quite the contrary."

"Then, alas, Professor Elmer, what is to become of the have them and the immature shall not—what then? There's no place for anything in the college but the ripest wisdom. But when fruit is well ripened and begins to rot —well?"

"But we all know wisdom is not fruit, wisdom is—"

"Is seed," she says. Professor Elmer says,

"Mature opinions must wait till they are tested by time and judgment."

"Doubtless. Very well, then, your point may be most reasonable. Who, then," she says, "is to decide what opinions are mature?"

"Time. Judgment, as I said."

"In college, then, the faculty are time and judgment. You gentlemen who have been meeting are posterity."

"Yes," he says.

"Exactly. In college posterity is behind us. I should think, now, that that would be a difficult point for immature minds."

"Not necessarily," he says. "At any rate, all of us have agreed on the essential point, which is that Mr. Edwards is a dangerous influence in the college community, the kind of things he says."

She admits that no doubt in the heat of improvisation Mr. Edwards may go pretty far at times.

"In the opinion of myself and my colleagues," Professor Elmer says, "opinions should be reserved for an instructor's private conversation; his lectures in the classroom should deal with his subject, not with his opinions. I am willing to concede that some degree of difference of opinion in a college body is desirable; the ideal being, perhaps, a certain similarity in difference."

My Aunt Lavinia spreads her hands a little before her and looks for a moment at her rings, the old diamonds whose luster and shine, she used to tell me when I was a child, cheer and correct her soul.

"Ferdinand VII," she says, "closed the universities all over Spain and opened bull-fighting academies. That might suggest some solution of the faculty's problem. The bull readily undertakes any difference of opinion."

The professor receives this sally as pure fun and laughs heartily.

"I should think," she goes on, "that one simple side of this Mr. Edwards' opinion business might have been missed. Very likely he often sports his ideas for the fun of it, with no motive or purpose necessarily. Just as Turks kill Armenians. For pleasure.

"No," she says, seeing that he smiles so indulgently, "believe me, this prodding around for a reason, simply because we can't understand or else won't admit the nature of pleasure, is one of the things that helps to make many people dull. Well, perhaps he is pro-German."

I know what she means by that; for she heard, in the good old days of the World War, of groups of professors in one university or another, who, without saying to one of their colleagues, I want to tell you I am going to do so and so, drew up a statement about his views on Germany, or pacifism, or what not about the War, that would ruin his chances forever. Old memories bring a brave flush to Professor Elmer's cheek; he had not thought of this popular instructor as pro-German. But he has no time to speak, for what I knew was in my Aunt Lavinia's mind when

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"But after all"—she says, looking from him, "among gentlemen—you can't see a man every day, with him taking you on the old basis and you not tell him a word of what you are about to do concerning him. After all—"

"I am inclined to think I don't follow you about the code idea, my dear lady," he says. "I think we gain by such an absence of the artificial."

"Dear, dear, what would my father say!"

"Your father, I think you have told me, has been dead these forty years."

"Yes Forty years. You see, I'm still at the stage where I think the dead walk in us. It seems a beautiful thing."

Professor Elmer says in a respectful tone, "I see."

"It's very primitive of me. I suppose I ought to give it all up and go live in the Astor Hotel."

STARK YOUNG.

Lytton Strachey: Cambridge and Bloomsbury

SOME thirty-odd years ago a boy went up to Cambridge to learn what was to be learned there about literature and philosophy. He had emerged from a family of army and civil-service people: his father was General Sir Richard Strachey, his forbears had fought the good fight, and the age was the Age of Kipling. This arrangement of circumstance ought, perhaps, to have resulted in another soldier or judge or provincial governor, a worthy servant of empire. In the case of Lytton Strachey it produced a spirit jaunty and scornful, too courageous for the courage of his ancestors, too intelligent for most of their ideas. The ingrowing respectability and patriotism of the generations had conspired to bring forth a critic.

Certainly a good many other young people of the Age of Kipling must have doubted the desirability of being made mightier yet. Among the Cambridge undergraduates there were, for example, Edward Morgan Forster (at King's), soon to be joined by John Maynard Keynes. At Trinity, with Strachey, there was Clive Bell. Among the dons was George Edward Moore, the author of the "Principia Ethica," a Fellow of Trinity from 1898 to 1904 and the most persistent single influence upon the thought of the Strachey *cénacle*. Now that so many of those undergraduates of thirty years ago have excited a wider interest, they are ticketed as the "Bloomsbury group," from the quarter of London where most of them have recently lived. A better name for their collective identity might be sought at Cambridge, where they were all, in the life of the mind at least, conceived.

The London to which Strachey and his friends came down thirty years ago was still Victorian, still curiously alien to them. The Stracheys lived in Lancaster Gate, the Stephens in Kensington; "Bloomsbury" in its present sense did not exist, and the youth of the nation was represented by such writers as Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells. None of Strachey's friends began to write early. They talked, read, went to France, looked at pictures. There was no economic pressure on them to do anything else, and their standard was very high. They set out to regard nothing as [illegible] true—a thing which, as Mr. Bertrand Russell has remarked, is revolutionary. Strachey's own first book was published in 1912 ("Landmarks in French Literature"); Keynes' in 1913, and Clive Bell's in 1914. The War caught them all at the moment when they were about to begin: they had most definitely become a "group" by this time, with certain clear-cut ideas in life and in art. These were not to be expressed fully until the War was over and the changed world had provided them with an audience.

The sinister years from 1914 to 1918 dispersed them, but so far as I know not one yielded to the madness of the time. They worked on farms, carried slops in "conshy" camps, did everything the regime commanded except join in the murderous enterprise overseas. (Keynes, in the Treasury, was exempt from this necessity.) Strachey, like the others, was a conscientious objector, and would no doubt cheerfully (with a joke, as always) have been shot for it if necessary. They ended the War somewhat battered, but the honesty which holds even the least of their work together was with them still.

Since the War Lytton Strachey has lived at 51 Gordon-square, where his mother took a house some years ago. Next door live the Stephens and Clive Bell; further along are J. M. Keynes and Lydia Lopokova; on the corner of Gordon-place Vanessa Bell had a house for some years; Virginia and Leonard Woolf, E. M. Forster, Arthur Waley, Duncan Grant, are all near at hand. The geographical concentration of so many friends who happened also to be writers or artists would have been enough to establish the name "Bloomsbury" for the group; but in fact they are all more closely related, more given to the exchange of idea and criticism, than any like number of people in literary history. The Lake Poets or the pre-Raphaelites were not more group conscious. It is this group consciousness which makes Bloomsbury at present the butt of so many ill natured gibes, parodies and lampoons in London's Grub Street. Lytton Strachey had some share in these gibes, which disturbed him not at all. A mild chuckle in the recesses of his red-brown beard was the only response he ever had to offer.

If we inquire what it is that constitutes the particular thing called "Bloomsbury" in contemporary English letters and art we shall have to go pretty far back for an answer. To say that Strachey and his friends lived in the same neighborhood explains nothing. "Eminent Victorians" appeared in 1918. It was followed by a rapid succession of works of great interest, but no apparent connection, by J. M. Keynes, Clive Bell, Roger Fry and Virginia Woolf. "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" appears to have little to do with Roger Fry's "Vision and Design" (both 1920), and these again nothing to do with Virginia Woolf's manifesto to the Heretics' Club in 1924, "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown." Yet it is suggested that through all of this work the intellectual attitude, if we can disentangle it from both subject and treatment, is surprisingly consistent. It demands of any problem at the outset that it be very exactly stated, without confusion of definition or of the end in view. It regards "the attainment of probability as difficult, the attainment of certainty as impossible." It regards a good

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good with which we are familiar is clearly to be found in "personal affection" and in "esthetic enjoyment."

I have telescoped these ideas (perhaps unrecognizably) but even in this form they must recall the philosophical method and conclusions of George Edward Moore. This cast of thought, this method of proceeding cautiously but firmly towards a minimum of irrefutable (and certainly modest) conclusions, is "Bloomsbury," or the nearest one can easily come to defining it. And in that sense (to get at a truth by distortion) it might be said that the one definitely "Bloomsbury" book is not among the works of Lytton Strachey or any of his friends: it is, rather, the thirty-year-old "Principia Ethica."

The life of those quiet Bloomsbury squares in the past ten years was a thing unique in our troubled times. It was an ivory tower for contemplation, not for escape. In the shadow of the British Museum it was possible to look at the crumbling world reasonably, compassionately; to discuss revolution and catastrophe on the plane of history or art, and even not to discuss them at all. It was Lytton Strachey's gift in conversation to be the creator of it without saying very much. Silent, hunched in a corner, all beard and spectacles, not even appearing to listen, he would await his opportunity and pounce. But when he pounced it would be to good purpose; the conversation was either destroyed (if he wished it destroyed) or brought to life again with a new twist toward an entirely different destination.

To the friends of Lytton Strachey his recent death must have been like an earthquake, shattering the ordinary structure of existence. For he was the center of it, the focus. As he governed a conversation without expenditure of words, so he influenced the minds of those who knew him without doing much towards that end. The preface to Mrs. Woolf's "Orlando," in which the author announces her deep indebtedness to a long list of friends, is more than an ordinary joke: it has the truth tucked away in it, as good jokes should have. Parts of Lytton Strachey's amazing critical intelligence live not only in his own work, but in the painting of Duncan Grant, the novels of Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, the fantasies of David Garnet and even in the political and economic philosophy of J. M. Keynes. What has come to be known as "Bloomsbury" can never be so coherent again.

I like to think of Lytton Strachey in the place where I first saw him—Cambridge. Behind Christ's College there is a pool which was there when Milton was an undergraduate. Strachey's tall, bearded figure perched on the edge of the pool, peering into the shadows of the water. Although it was in the middle of a May afternoon the garden of Christ's was dark as in the evening, and quiet. In the great tree behind him an owl suddenly hooted, and even Milton's pool could not compete with this curiosity. The creature was on one of the lowest limbs of the tree in an almost impenetrable darkness. Strachey made his way into that darkness to peer up at the two glittering eyes above him. The owl looked down at Lytton, and Lytton looked up at the owl. I do not remember which hooted first, but the gardener said "Be careful, sir," and we went away, and the next time I saw him was in

A COMMUNICATION

Moscow Comes to Maryland

SIR: The liberal and Communist press have made the lynching of one Negro and the trial of another for murder on the Eastern Shore of Maryland the text for recent sermons. The Communists, of course, have preached about class war and race oppression. Their position is clear.

The liberal press, led by H. L. Mencken's article in The Baltimore Evening Sun, has, however, shown clearly its confusion of mind and uncertainty of purpose.

The bare facts are these: Green Davis, a farmer near Berlin in Worcester County, his wife and two daughters, were found murdered in their beds. Euel Lee, an itinerant Negro laborer, was immediately arrested charged with the crime. The motive was alleged to be revenge because Davis had withheld a dollar of the man's wages. The crime was discovered October 12. On December 4 in Salisbury, some twenty miles away, Matthew Williams, Negro, shot and killed his employer, declaring that his wages were too low. A few hours later he was lynched. This was the first lynching in Maryland since 1911 and the first in that section for a longer period than that.

It was the lynching which called forth Mr. Mencken's tirade. The liberal press placed a garland on Mencken's brow for swatting the yokels. When the citizens of the Shore put the blame upon Communist activities and the exaggerated reports in the metropolitan press concerning conditions on the Shore, the defenders of justice scoffed, as usual.

There is no excuse for the ghastly crime of lynching. Yet a community which has not been guilty of lynching for more than a quarter of a century and is known for its lack of crime deserves a greater attempt at understanding than has been made.

The handling of the Lee case by the county authorities cannot be called the wisest possible, but the errors were made chiefly on the side of caution. The court appointed one of the best known lawyers on the Shore, Leonard Wailes, as Lee's attorney. The International Labor Defense came into the case, apparently because of the wage dispute. By legal maneuvering, Bernard Ades, representing the I. L. D., succeeded in freezing Wailes out of the case, and drew from the Maryland Court of Appeals an extraordinary opinion (again issued on the side of caution), which caused the case to be transferred to Towson, in Baltimore County, beyond the jurisdiction of the original court. There the Negro was tried and on January 20 found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Let us look at the case not from the rarefied atmosphere of liberal editorial offices but from the point of view of the people of the locality.

The peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic is old, full of tradition, a cushion of quiet below the industrial cities of the North. The relations between the races are peaceful. Baltimore, the only industrial center in the state, holds almost exactly half of the state's population and the battle between city and country is fought

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Suddenly, Ades was in their midst. He represented almost everything in which the Eastern Shoremen lack confidence. He was a Baltimore lawyer. He "talked big" about what he was going to do. He shouted that the Negro had been framed, and all the other charges usual to this sort of case in city courts. On his second appearance in Snow Hill, he was accompanied by two persons, described by The Labor Defender as "militant white workers." It was discovered that one of them, a woman, was carrying a pistol. That was too much. The people had only one ready answer. They set upon the two men with fists and told them to get out of the county. After they had promised to go, the leaders of the crowd held back the others so that they could get away.

Now city folks can laugh at all this loud talk because they are used to it. Country people don't talk much. The Baltimore papers helped to keep the tension up by giving Ades lots of space and by apparently accepting his statements concerning the threats of lynching Lee. City reporters sent to the scene had to get a story. There is not much in even a quadruple murder if it is committed in a remote region over a dollar, and by a Negro who is captured an hour after the crime is discovered, at that. There was not even a "man-hunt," so naturally they had to have at least the prospects of a lynching.

Due to Ades' maneuvers, it took more than three months to bring the Negro to trial, although he was indicted almost immediately and it seemed a clear case of murder, as evidence in the trial proved to a jury 150 miles from the scene.

When, in the midst of all the legal bickering, a second Negro killed his employer, it was therefore understandable, though none the less horrible, that he should have been lynched.

If this community were rich and full of exploiting employers, if the murder were the result of a battle as at Harlan, if even there seemed any reasonable doubt of the Negro's guilt as in the Scottsboro case, there might seem some reason for the entrance of the I. L. D. As it was, they had no reason save the sacred cause of Communism itself.

The Communists won the game. They sacrificed a Negro and gained a martyr, and they failed to free Lee himself, which also helps their cause, since they attribute their failure to the capitalistic courts.

As in the Scottsboro case, the I. L. D. has used this case as a basis for attack upon the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People because the lawyer of the latter organization advised Lee to plead guilty.

The I. L. D., judging from records in the pages of its organ, doesn't seem to be making much headway either in gaining membership or in persuading its white members to make common cause with the Negro. But it can use such cases as the Lee defense not only in America but in Moscow. It is true that, as The New Republic recently observed concerning the hunger march, since nobody else seems to speak for the unemployed, the Communists have a right to. Yet it is a grave question, whether they have a right to invade a territory such as the Eastern Shore under a flimsy pretext to use the courtroom as their soap box. And the liberal press in its sentimental sympathy for the under dog has aided them. If Communism demonstrates its superiority to capitalism, we should adopt it. But we should not let it be put over on us. Intelligence demands the examining of the tactics of the Communists as well as those of Red-baiters and prohibitionists. There is something reminiscent of the prohibitionist about them. Bishop Cannon cries that he is indicted by the machinations of a Roman Catholic district attorney. The Communist asserts that his client is framed by the capitalist police.

Mr. Mencken, when lashing the Shore for its own good, called for volunteers to save it: "Let the small minority of educated and civilized young men bestir themselves, lest their people be lost altogether." Might we not call also for volunteers to save liberal papers from playing into the hands of fanatics, and to save the intellectuals who, because of their revolt against the money civilization, flock to the banners of Communism in the name of their own private Utopias? Are they approving for their cause the same tactics with which Bishop Cannon leads the Bible Belt to Salvation?

New York City. ALFRED DASHIELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The American Government and Colombia

SIR: In an editorial entitled "The Sordid Story of Foreign Bonds," published in your issue of January 27, the following statement appears:

> But not until Mr. Stimson testified before the Senate Committee were we aware that an American Secretary of State had used his high office to persuade the National City Bank of New York to grant an unsound bank credit to the government of Colombia, as a means of obtaining one of the world's largest oil concessions for a company controlled by the interests of Mr. Mellon, our Secretary of the Treasury.

The inference from this statement is that Mr. Stimson admitted that he had used his influence in order to obtain an oil concession for Mr. Mellon's companies. The facts are exactly the contrary. Mr. Stimson and the other officials of the Department of State who testified declared that there was no relation whatever between the grant of the so-called Barco concession and the National City Bank loan. They also testified that the intervention of the Department in the matter of the loan was only for the purpose of clearing up a misunderstanding between the government of Colombia and the bankers in regard to the obligations of the loan contract entered into a year before.

I was in Colombia for five months, from November, 1930, to April, 1931, in the capacity of adviser to the Colombian government in the preparation of petroleum legislation, and in the negotiation of an adjustment of the dispute between the Colombian government and the Gulf Oil Company over the cancellation in 1926 of the Barco concession which belonged to the Gulf Company. The government insisted that the Gulf Company must accept the validity of the cancellation. It was willing, however, to enter into a new contract of concession and the problem was to come to an agreement on the terms of the new concession.

Negotiations for this purpose had been going on for years. After my participation in them began, they continued for several months, both parties strenuously contesting the various points of difference. The final agreement was a contract quite different from the one that was canceled and much more favorable to the government. It was a fair contract both to the government and to the concessionnaire, and in the general opinion was beneficial to the country, as it promised to develop an important source of revenue.

In my constant and intimate contact with all parties interested

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Company and the American Minister—I could not have failed to know of any dependence of the grant of the concession upon fulfilment of the loan contract. I never heard the remotest suggestion of any connection between the two transactions, and it never occurred to me that anyone could suppose there was a connection until the innuendoes in the recent Senate investigation were thrown out. Nobody who has any knowledge of the course of events in Colombia last year could entertain such a suspicion for a moment. But the publication here of these suspicions has a bad effect in Colombia by turning public opinion, which in recent years has grown more and more friendly to the United States, against us.

Washington, D. C. GEORGE RUBLEE.

Salary Cuts Among Social Workers

SIR: The Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies has recommended salary cuts in the 1932 budgets of its ninety-one constituent agencies. This cut affects all workers, professional and non-professional, whose salaries range from $900 a year upward, according to the following scale:

2½	percent	on	annual	salaries	of	$ 900	to	$1,199
5	"	"	"	"	"	1,200	"	1,499
7½	"	"	"	"	"	1,500	"	2,999

A sliding scale of 10 to 20 percent on salaries ranging from $3,000 to about $25,000.

Unique and encouraging in the history of social work is the vigorous protest which the workers have voiced. Under the auspices of the Association of Federation Social Workers, protest meetings have been called of all employees, for non-professional as well as social workers, because of the common vital interest in the issue involved. This is the first time in the history of "Federation" that all workers have united on a common interest in the profession and on the conditions under which they work.

It is openly acknowledged that social workers, as a profession, are inadequately paid. The present crisis has thrust upon them an additional burden in which increased demands are made on time and energy in return for which no additional remuneration, but wage cuts, are offered on an already inadequate wage scale.

Social workers have never shared in the benefits of the rising wage scale during times of prosperity. This has been caused not only by the public's refusal to realize the value of employing well trained workers, but by their own lack of sufficient organization. The united stand in organizing and resisting infringement of an already inadequate salary scale is a long step in the right direction.

SONIA GINSBERG,
Chairman of Publicity Committee,
New York City. Association of Federation Social Workers.

A Suggestion for War-Debt Payment

SIR: Consequent upon representations from the British government to your government, the people of the United States as a unit took money out of one pocket and put the entire amount back into another pocket. As a result of that transfer from one pocket to another pocket, old factories in the United States were enlarged, new ones were built in your country, large numbers of your workers were employed at high wages and vast profits were made by American employers. Eventually war munitions were shipped to the British government. Not a cent of the money nor a single unit of the equipment involved left the United States.

In the light of the foregoing, and the current interest in the matter of repayment of the debts, the following extract from a letter of Lord Hugh Cecil to The London Times of December 23 is worthy of your attention:

> May I suggest that it would be both fair and in the world's general interest if the debts to the United States were repaid by precisely the same machinery as that by which they were contracted?
>
> It has been said that we borrowed in gold and ought to pay in gold; but this is not quite an accurate statement. To be sure, what we borrowed was valued according to the dollar currency. But gold was not sent across the Atlantic if I remember right, was that the American government gave to the British government a credit to be used in purchasing the needed munitions in America, which was done. Now might not the British government give to the government of the United States a credit for the amount of debt due under the agreed terms of repayment, the credit to be used in purchasing commodities in Great Britain? The method of repayment would in this way exactly correspond to the method of contracting the debt. If (for example) there was supplied to the United States naval, military and air-force stores furnished from Great Britain and at the cost of the British government, up to the amount of what is owed, the budget of the United States would be so far relieved and the burden upon the finances of Great Britain would be mitigated (though not, of course, annulled) by the saving on the relief of the unemployed in so far as employment was increased by the execution of the American orders.

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada. W. DIAMOND.

"Remember the Maine"

SIR: The Cubans (Chinese) are being outrageously mauled by the Spaniards (Japanese): American lives and property are in danger: the warship Maine (Houston) is at anchor in the harbor of Havana (Shanghai).

It won't be long now.

New York City. GEROID TANQUARY ROBINSON.

A New Labor Party

SIR: The formation of the Independent Labor party of West Virginia, in Charleston on January 30, is the answer of the militant miners of Kanawha County to strike-defeat, eviction and actual starvation.

Meeting in the Kanawha County Courthouse, its walls plastered with sheriffs' notices of property sales for tax defaults, 150 delegates and sympathizers representing miners' locals and a few Socialist locals, adopted a ringing declaration of principles, and set March 26 for a delegate convention to put it into effect and to nominate candidates for state and local offices.

The backbone of the party is the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union led by Frank Keeney, Brant Scott and George Sherer. It is inviting other trade unions, Socialist locals and sympathizers to confer on possibilities of harmonious action in regard to a state ticket, and the Continuation Committee was instructed to investigate the sentiment in groups throughout the country for national action looking toward the formation of a mass labor party.

For the present, the I. L. P. of West Virginia will not affiliate with the Socialist party, and within Boone, Fayette, Putnam, Kanawha and Raleigh Counties it was agreed that rival Socialist locals would not be organized, although individuals would not be barred from joining the Socialist party if they wished. The leaders of the party wish to attempt an independent campaign, thoroughly working class in philosophy, as indicated in the declaration of principles, and concentrating for the present on laying solid party foundations and correcting specific injustices within the state.

Their program includes nationalization of all coal mines, a six-hour day and five-day week, state and federal unemployment and old-age insurance, anti-injunction laws, abolition of "yellow dog" contracts and of eviction power during industrial disputes, reorganization of the Workmen's Compensation Department, and abolition of the Department of Public Safety, now a tool used by employers against workers' lawful activities. Additional resolutions pledged support to the Kentucky miners, to the La Follette-Costigan bill, and demanded Red Cross relief for destitute miners.

The significance of this event lies in the conviction of these representatives of fifteen to twenty thousand rank and file American workers, involving between thirty and forty thousand voters, first, that a mass labor party can be built even in the heart of a feudal industrial region, and secondly, that industrial defeat does not close the last door of action for exploited workers. This may not be a new discovery, but it is an effective reminder.

A. J. MUSTE,
Chairman Conference for Progressive

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Unwilling Novelist

Towards a Better Life, by Kenneth Burke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR began this book with the intention of writing a novel; he ended by writing a novel in spite of his most diligent efforts. Between this beginning and this ending there intervened a long process of thought which is partially described in the preface. Three times, Burke says, he sat down to write the opening scene, a conversation in a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Two men conversed "for a fitting period, telling each other a few things which it was very necessary for the reader to know; a bell rang, the waiter's steps could be heard going down the hall, a peephole was opened; next the slinging of a bolt, then the unlatching of an iron grate; the newcomer, after low-voiced words at the door, could be heard striding along the hall; he entered the room where the two men were talking; 'Hello,' he said—and for the third time your author tossed Chapter One into the discard."

For the qualities that distinguish the ordinary novel—for suspense, verisimilitude, headlong action, the feeling of immediate participation in events of an exciting nature—Burke felt himself to be unfitted by temperament. He had no interest whatever in the problem of getting people in and out of situations, in and out of doors. The problem on which he was working was that of rendering emotion. "Lamentation, rejoicing, beseechment, admonition, sayings and invective—these seemed to me central matters, while a plot in which they might occur seemed peripheral, little more than a pretext, justified not as 'a good story,' but only in so far as it could bring these six characteristics to the fore." In order to focus attention on them, "I reversed the process, emphasizing the essayistic rather than the narrative, the emotional predicaments of my hero rather than the details by which he arrived at them. . . . In form the resultant chapters are somewhat like a sonnet sequence, a progression by stages, by a series of halts." And yet these chapters, these eighteen "epistles or declamations," together make a true novel—with plot, movement, suspense, verisimilitude and, at the end, a feeling of participation in a terrifying tragedy.

This novel, however, is of a sort that is almost unknown in English letters and rarely encountered even in France. Its great prototype, the one book to which, in spite of all differences, it bears a striking spiritual resemblance, is "A Rebours." Huysmans, in his most famous novel, was concerned with the search for refuge of a man incapable of living in society. Despising the people of his time, both the bourgeois and the aristocrats, the skeptical and the devout, this hero devoted the remnants of his ducal fortune to the task of creating an individual paradise, a paradise of the senses. It took the shape of a house on the outskirts of Paris. Here, in the midst of erudite pictures, flesh-eating plants and fantastic Latin authors, the owner lived in the company of his dreams, trying feverishly to enjoy himself in spite of the real and imaginary diseases that made him a slave to the doctors, and hence to society as a whole.

The story of "Towards a Better Life" is essentially the same. John Neal, like Jean des Esseintes, despises the people about him, the successful ones blind to their own abjectness, the tame radicals who can safely be admitted to bankers' houses "like castrated lion whelps." Incapable of living in society, he determines to create an individual refuge, and goes about this task by methods proper to himself. He is too intelligent to believe that he can build a physical paradise by decorating [illegible] books, paintings and hallucinations; he is in fact wholly indifferent to his physical surroundings. His refuge will be mentally constructed and defended, by two categories of thinking. First, he will transvaluate all values, so that the busy, complacent people about him are shown to be mentally sluggish, morally evasive; while he himself, the ingrate and smell-feast, assumes his true role as an active and courageous prophet. Second, he will protect himself from misfortune by running forward to meet it, or else by imagining worse catastrophes than could ever occur, so that real blows will fall upon him harmlessly.

He is in love with Florence and yet, when a happier man pays court to her, he contrives that his rival shall triumph. Since this rival is rich, Neal squanders his little fortune to give the impression of having a great one. Then, taking flight to an unknown village, he marries and becomes a local dignitary. Florence reënters his life; she is traveling from county seat to county seat with a company of penniless actors and is ready, now, to accept John Neal's advances; but he, on discovering that she has been deserted by his rival, dismisses her also—and thereupon feels that a chapter in his life is definitely ended. He wanders back to New York with a girl named Genevieve, always lamenting, rejoicing, beseeching, admonishing and inveighing, always rich in aphorisms. He says: "God pity the man or the nation wise in proverbs . . . for there is much misery and much error gone into the collecting of such a store."

The end of the story and that of "A Rebours" are similar in implication. Des Esseintes, like most self-centered people, became a hypochondriac; his imaginary disorders were aggravated by real ones. The doctors ordered him back to the world of ordinary people; the waves of human mediocrity were about to engulf his refuge. "O Lord," he prayed, "pity the Christian who doubts, the skeptic who would believe." The choice before him was either the arms of the Church, as a French critic said, or the mouth of a pistol. John Neal is also defeated by himself. He now loves Genevieve all-absorbingly; his passion is returned; but he has ceased to be capable of normal happiness. "Through living under difficulty," he says in explaining why he drove her away, "one learns the mode of thinking, feeling and acting best suited to cope with difficulty. No wonder he prizes a discovery which he has made at so great inconvenience to himself, and will not relinquish it but calls upon it to maintain precisely those adversities which it was at first designed to remedy." Thus, inevitably, he cuts the last tie that bound him to the world. His character begins to disintegrate; he has delusions of persecution and grandeur; he has entered a vicious circle from which he cannot escape. He fancies that there are several choices before him, "madness, travel, drugs, the Faith, death by one's own hand," but in reality there is no choice whatever; John Neal is hopelessly insane.

The book is disturbing, sometimes perplexing, always stimulating. Whatever the author's intentions, his story has a moral, and one that is identical, moreover, with that implied in "A Rebours." There is no salvation apart from society. The individual paradise—whether we seek to create it on the outskirts of Paris, in Abyssinia or Tahiti, in a mythical Axel's castle, or simply behind the parapets of the mind—proves in the final test to be a fool's paradise. The end of the attempt is written in the beginning. The end, for the creator of Des Esseintes, was to surrender himself to society as represented by the Church. The end for John Neal is to sink through squalor and delusions into a final speechless separation from mankind—"not only not

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tell no one, the grave burden accumulates within us. Henceforth silence, that the torrent may be heard descending in all its fullness." MALCOLM COWLEY.

Peace Correspondent

Can Europe Keep the Peace? by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper and Brothers. 360 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK will come as a rude jolt to millions of Americans. The author is a stark realist. He flings ridicule upon our idealistic efforts for disarmament and international conferences, and treats the League of Nations as a "failure." His familiarity with European antagonisms makes him conclude that it is impossible to find any solution for the conflict of nationalistic interests which now divides the Revisionist and the Status Quo countries against one another. His answer to his question, "Can Europe keep the peace?" seems to the reader in chapter after chapter to be progressing in crescendo toward a final and thunderous "No." But in the end it turns out to be "Yes"—provided Europe accepts French hegemony, French theories of security and French views of most territorial and tariff questions.

The first two-thirds of the book is excellent. We commend it to the edification of all American isolationists, hundred-percenters and uplifters. It summarizes the unfortunate settlements of the Paris Peace Conference, and the consequent anger and fears of millions of Europeans ever since. Mr. Simonds very rightly makes strikingly clear that we in America have a political psychology totally different from that of the peoples of Europe. We, for more than a century and a half, have enjoyed liberty, political unity and absolute national security. We can naturally have an idealistic attitude toward war as a horrible crime—as a frightful disease to be exorcised by a Kellogg Pact. We offer Europe advice of all sorts, and are indignant at Europe's perverse refusal to accept it (though we refuse to apply this advice to ourselves in the matter of naval and tariff reduction). And in European eyes our advice and exhortations seem all the more gratuitous in that we refuse to accept any responsibility for guaranteeing peace in Europe.

European psychology, Mr. Simonds points out, is totally different. There on the Continent are nations which have only very recently gained liberty, political unity and national security. They are still very fearful that they may lose these blessings, if a single stone of the Versailles Treaty structure is weakened or removed. To Poles, Czechs and Jugoslavs, the World War was horrible in its sufferings beyond anything of which American stay-at-homes can conceive. But at the same time it gave them political freedom. It was for them what the American Revolution was for us. In its political consequences it was glorious, and they would be ready to fight again, if necessary, just as Americans would be ready to resist by force the tyranny of another George III.

There are other millions of minorities which are forced by the post-war treaties to live under the exasperating domination of alien governments. By them Revision is ardently desired, if not by peaceful means, well then, perhaps by force. It is this kind of war psychology which Mr. Simonds knows from his wide travels and which he brings vividly to American readers.

Take, for instance, the Polish Corridor. If it should be returned to Germany, in Polish eyes this would be again subjecting a Polish population to an aggressive German tyranny, it would be the beginning of the end for Poland. All the suffering and the sacrifice in the World War would have been for nought. But how do the Germans regard the Polish Corridor? Mr. Simonds conveys something of the German emotional feeling on the subject by suggesting American analogies. It would be as if we had been forced to surrender California to Mexican rule. Or better still, suppose victorious enemies had forced upon the United States a treaty which made New York a Free Port under foreign control, and gave a wide strip along the Hudson Valley into the hands of the Canadians, thus severing New England from all contact with the rest of the United States. Suppose further that this settlement was the culmination of seven centuries of conflict. Would Americans in these circumstances listen kindly to European exhortations to sit still and be satisfied with the status quo?

The last third of the book is less satisfactory. It contains Mr. Simonds' comments and conclusions on what has been done and what remains to be done in order to keep the peace in Europe. Here he follows the French habit of mind in thinking almost exclusively in political, and very little in economic, terms. He emphasizes the French thesis of security. He points out how we left the French in the lurch by failing to accept the Guarantee Pact of 1919. Since England likewise refused to accept the Geneva Protocol, and since the League of Nations has no enforcing troops of its own, France has been compelled to look after her own security. This she did first by her military and naval forces and by her connections with Poland and the Little Entente, and later by annexing the League as a kind of French instrument. Thus fortified, and strong in her money power, she has been able to block every German effort to escape from the political provisions of the Versailles Treaty. It is worse than useless, Mr. Simonds thinks, for Germany to struggle further against this French hegemony. This is abundantly proved in his opinion by the "Anschluss adventure," on which he harps in a score of passages as Germany's latest and most foolish rock of offense.

Therefore, in spite of what he has said earlier in the book about the way Germany regards the Polish Corridor, he insists that she should accept France's demand for an Eastern Locarno. He compares the Polish Corridor with Alsace-Lorraine. France gave up her provinces in 1871. Why cannot Germany again renounce the Corridor? He forgets that the analogy is not quite perfect. He asks Germany to do what France was never willing to do—make a second renunciation to supplement the original renunciation imposed by superior force in the moment of victory. France steadily refused to discuss Alsace-Lorraine with Bismarck after 1871. Later, during the Boer War, a proposal for intervention by Russia, France and Germany came to nothing because France refused to accept the German condition of recognizing the status quo on the Continent, a proposal which the French rejected as being tantamount to a second renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, Mr. Simonds' suggestion for an Eastern Locarno would at present hardly be acceptable to the German people, even should the Brüning Cabinet be willing to sponsor it. It would be the one thing more than any other which would bring the Hitler party to power, with consequences unforeseeable.

Least satisfactory is the chapter on "Reparations and Debts." Writing perhaps under the influence of the Hoover moratorium and certainly before the recent congressional explosion, Mr. Simonds declares unhesitatingly that they are "dead as Queen Anne." "Peace was never

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both are gone, the world is at least that much nearer to peace." Alas! Would that he were right! But we fear that war debts, like the poor, will still be with us.

Mr. Simonds says in his preface that he is a journalist, not a historian. That is true. It explains the merits and defects of his very interesting, challenging, impressionistic and not always trustworthy little book.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Rapt Combatant

The Story of My Life, by Clarence Darrow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 457 pages. $3.50.

AFTER the Civil War arose the giant swinish form of a multi-phased privilege, bent on making the Midwest its sweated barony. And forth to fight it, with the Have-nots at their back, came a remarkable group of Americans built in the old Jeffersonian style, of whom John Peter Altgeld was the oldest, the most purely typical and the most conscious of certain doom. Among the others were Brand Whitlock, Tom Johnson, Clarence Darrow, Frederick Howe, Peter Witt and Golden-Rule Jones.

Their teacher was Tolstoy, their prophet Henry George. For the most part they stood alone and were bitterly conscious of the fact; but undaunted they marshaled their inarticulate armies in the open field. To the blows of an adversary who had achieved all but complete control of the State, the courts and the craven better element, they replied with inspired logic and an appeal to motives against which the signals of the time were brutally set. And one by one they fell or, their armies scattered, they honorably retired from the scene. Whitlock and Howe made a last stand with Wilson and folded their banners only when their chief himself might be said definitely to have surrendered.

Darrow's fate has been different, though his cause has ever remained the same. Fighting the battle of that devoted band, he was long ago detached for special service by the fortunes of war. To and fro in the land, up and down in it, he has raptly contended with the adversary, though the flag of his fellows has long since been furled. He is like a gifted leader who has lost contact with headquarters and through habit of combat continues to dispute with the victors, engrossed in tactics and objectives, only vaguely aware either of the peace or of the new attitudes and emphases that have emerged since its conclusion. For him there has been no peace.

Nor is there any now, as he sits in uneasy retirement in his library armchair. The battle is with him still; and his consciousness of the crucial points in the conflict, gained under Altgeld and fixed under the pressures of the conflict itself, is still unchanged. Indeed, it is so poignant that, sitting down to write of himself, he cannot separate himself from his cause and quickly forgets himself in its favor.

That, I think, is why one finds some reverie, some warm-hearted portraiture, some reminiscence and a sprinkling of personal narrative in Darrow's book, thinly veining a heavy stratification of argument, pitying, impassioned, ironic, derived from Tolstoy but shrewdly shaped by the witty and stoic outlook of a democratic Midwest. Compared with most autobiographical writers, Darrow can hardly be said to have written about himself at all. He has given us chapters on crime and criminals, prohibition, evolution, the riddle of the universe, the problem of God, design and purpose, determination and free will, all argumentatively setting forth his skeptic, agnostic and Tolstoyan views; and his chapters on his greatest court cases contain little more of narrative than of argument to the same effects.

In the end one has a picture of a man profoundly skeptical of life, God and human nature, and profoundly impatient with such frivolous concepts as sin, duty and moral blame. True to his time, he loves liberty and lacks, I think more markedly than many of our generation, a pattern of social reference: he tends continually to identify injustice with the savage instincts of the species; his contact with the current struggle seems uncertain and randomly arrived at, his sense of relative social significance often vague. . . . Yet these are minor matters, considering the man's implacable fight against privilege and its injustice, his resistance to the panic pressure of the herd. Darrow, when all is said and done, has established himself as one of the heroic figures in the American struggle for social liberty. He tries hard, in the course of his book, to convince us that he is what he is because, deterministically, he could not help himself—that he has played the part of an innocent bystander in the drama of his own career. But on this score not a jury in the land will accept his plea. The evidence for his personal merit is too direct and overwhelming.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Angry Ibsen

The Life of Ibsen, by Halvdan Koht. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 2 vols. 645 pages. $7.50.

WHEN HENRIK IBSEN died in 1906, his legend had already begun to decline. During the years that have followed his death, the famous philosophy of Ibsenism has become as thoroughly dated as the technique of inverted dramatic action. In the case of some men who have had an influence on their time, the passing of years raises their figures to an apprehensible simplicity, eliminating the factitious, underlining the essential. This has not been the case with Ibsen. About his figure there has remained something obscure and enigmatic. While it cannot be said that we yet have a key to the mazes of his character, Halvdan Koht's "Life" goes further toward an explanation of its mysteries than anything we have in English.

There is no doubt that Ibsen had a great influence on his generation; it is not now so clear as it was a few years ago that this influence was all to the good. Looking back upon him, after the lapse of years, he has the appearance of one who, making the soul his province, botched his own soul. Ibsen was one of the first and perhaps the most illustrious of the great moderns to be caught in the trap between free imagination and the impulse to participating action. He never to the end of his life was entirely sure as to which way he should turn, though the decision seemed clear enough to others; and when he finally made the decision it seemed to be the wrong one.

A poet first and always, Ibsen was still a poet of narrow range. Koht applies to him Juvenal's words: *indignatio facit versus,* anger creates poetry. Now while anger has created some of the best poetry in the world, it is a dangerous form of poetic dynamite. The line of the sword is sharper than the moonbeam's edge, and he who wields the sword of anger is likely to cut himself. Ibsen had one great period when his indignation was large and impersonal; he then rose to terrific heights of creative imagination. This was the period from the early sixties to the early seventies when, with Norway safely behind him, he could look back and see his little homeland as a symbol

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cluding "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "Emperor and Galilean" and the first prose plays up to "Rosmersholm," Ibsen produced in this period works that stand in the first rank of the literature of indignation.

Unfortunately this period constituted only a small portion of a long writing career, and the works above mentioned are not the works by which his fame in the world was obtained. For the early period of nationalism and romance there need be no regrets. The young genius was trying his powers; he was almost single-handedly erecting a Norwegian theatre. But literary history presents few more striking cases of artistic abdication than that of Ibsen in his final phase. That he himself was aware of this abdication and in later years regretted it is abundantly clear in his work. Criticism has not yet uncovered in their entirety the motives that led him to the step. It is rather more than a guess that these had something to do with the rise to popularity of Björnson. After the great successes of his Roman years, Ibsen had periods of seeing himself the uncrowned king of Norway on an absentee throne. There were two forces to impede the consummation of this dream, his own incapacity to play the role, and the competition of the lusty, democratic figure of Björnson. Of the first disability Ibsen was unaware, but he was bitterly aware of the second. More urbane and realistic than his colleague, Björnson sought to heal the breach; above all he sought to dissuade Ibsen from making the radical change in his style of work that seemed to impend. In neither effort was he successful. The works of Ibsen's final period are motivated more by resentment than by anger. We now have the spectacle of one of the greatest men of his generation using his pen to ease his own hurt and cure his own sense of dislocation.

Even here he must work within his limitations. Being powerless to affect the constitution of things, being shy, proud, no politician, fearing human contacts, he fell back on the easier, though admittedly more fundamental, battle-ground of the human soul. It is true enough that if we are to have a better world we must have better men and women living in it. But our tinkers of souls have been working a long time without accomplishing any notable improvement. Ibsen set himself among the prophets and preachers, but he continued to the end to cast jealous glances across the wall upon the artificers who were building cities, houses and machines. Though he could not go out to join them he could adapt their methods to his own artistry and he did this to his own loss. Ibsen never said a truer thing, nor a thing that threw more light on his own art and character, than the remark he made in middle-age to the woman who might have been his wife, but was not, "Face to face I was never a brave man."

These ideas are not developed in full in Koht's book, but they are everywhere implied. The author limits himself strictly to one aspect of his theme, that of the inner life of Ibsen as this was displayed in his written work. Another aspect that is equally important he does not touch. This concerns the influence of Ibsen's work on the stage of Europe and America for a generation. Nowhere are Ibsen's powers displayed in greater sheer strength than when he proceeds to twist and warp dramatic structure to satisfy his personal moods. The effect of his peculiar style of playwriting on the history of the theatre for forty years is beyond computation. For a long time it drove the theatre out of the hands of the sons of Thespis. There are signs that the Ibsen obsession is over, but the records of his long sway over the theatre of the world remain to be written.

Book Notes

Biography and Memoirs

LIFE WAS WORTH LIVING: The Reminiscences of W. Graham Robertson. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 344 pages. $5.*

W. Graham Robertson, who looked like Robert de Montesquiou and was the subject of one of Sargent's decent portraits—who laughed and thought Wilde had attempted a parody of Maeterlinck when he heard some of the speeches from "Salomé"—has written, with peculiar freedom from whimsy and the totally natural modesty of a not very noteworthy person, a book about the famous personages he knew as a young man of the eighties and nineties. The incidents he recalls—how he met Ellen Terry carrying a basket of eggs through the theatrical district, how William Morris told Rossetti he'd rather have a dragon for a brother than a bloody fool, how all the military men came and wept at his children's play, "Pinkie and the Fairies"—possess a charm which is not at all trivial, and somehow convey the feeling of a whole period. He creates characters—"creates" because most of them are either dead or totally remote from the present period—for the sheer enjoyment of the reader. These are very distinguished memoirs.

POISON AT COURT: Certain Figures of the Reign of Louis XIV, by Marie Cher. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 259 pages. $3.*

Miss Cher exploits the shady side of life at the court of Louis XIV, the poison plots and scandals, for rather more than they are worth. A better book would have resulted if the vice and intrigue of this glittering and artificial circle had been treated more circumstantially and with less patent glamor.

THE SWORD OF GOD: JEANNE D'ARC, by Guy Endore. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 492 pages. $3.50.*

This new biography of Jeanne d'Arc does not pretend to be the final word; it is a personal interpretation based on the extant documents of the saint's life and works. The present biographer accepts the miracles and prophecies at their face value as evidence for the heavenly election of Jeanne to save France on the ground that no satisfactory explanations other than this have ever been made. The first part of the book presents the Maid's story from her birth to her burning, simply as a narrative, occasionally interspersed with comment. The author admits to selecting among the documents to get over the rough places in our knowledge of the Maid's activities; but only to preserve the story's strength and beauty. So far he does an excellent job. In the second part, which is much less successful, he discusses the Middle Ages and the various theories about Jeanne.

THE YORK ROAD, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 292 pages. $3.*

Those who found "A Victorian Village" delightful will revive their pleasurable experiences in reading this new book of short stories, verse and essays. Although Miss Reese's geographical limits are those of suburban Baltimore, her effects of atmospheric coloring suggest Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." She never falls below her well established standard of neat verse and clearly articulated prose. Here is the nearly perfect literary dream world out of which Miss Reese recaptures the memories of her childhood.

India and Russia

COME WITH ME TO INDIA, by Patricia Kendall. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 467 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

With the purpose of finding and presenting the truth about India, Mrs. Kendall undertook to travel through this country of conflicts, questioning Hindus, Moslems and British officials. The result is disappointing. Too much space is devoted to a historical digest which, though well written, is not good enough to supersede the other digests already available. Mrs. Kendall's personal observations are interesting without ever being startling. She emphasizes the sort of things that Katherine Mayo emphasized, and

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EYES ON RUSSIA, by Margaret Bourke-White. *New York: Simon and Schuster. 135 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Miss Bourke-White is an American girl who has a high and deserved reputation as a photographer of industrial themes. In 1930 she went to Russia and, with the permission and assistance of the Soviet government, traveled 5,000 miles, making pictures of mills, mines, factories, people. Some forty of these photographs illustrate her book, whose text is the ingenuous and interesting account of her experiences in the U. S. S. R. She reveals, more or less unconsciously, the extraordinary pains which go into the making of photographs as good as hers; and if she says little that is new to those who follow Russian affairs closely, she tells many familiar things in a lively and popular way. Her candor even includes the tale of various proposals of marriage from Russians met in the course of her peregrinations; and these are not the least interesting passages in the book. . . . By the way, what ever became of Clare Sheridan?

THE INDIAN PEASANT UPROOTED, by Margaret Read. *New York: Longmans Green and Company. 266 pages. $2.50.*

The wage workers of India are recruited from a peasantry perhaps the poorest in the world. Their wages and standard of living are among the lowest; so is their efficiency as workers. The average number of looms tended by a male cotton weaver in India is less than two; in Japan the average female weaver tends 5.5. The Indian worker must pay the foreman to get his job, even if he must borrow from the usurer. He may lose his job, but he is a perpetual slave to usury. It goes without saying that the lot of female and child workers is even more deplorable than that of the men. In 1929 was appointed a Royal Commission on Labor in India; its report was issued in 1931 in eighteen formidable volumes. Miss Read has condensed the mass of evidence and recommendations, and has translated them into terms of individual lives.

MODERN INDIA, a Coöperative Survey. Edited by Sir John Cumming. *New York: Oxford University Press. 308 pages. $1.50.*

This book consists of eighteen chapters written by seventeen contributors, all of whom have lived many years in India, and all but two of whom have been in government service. Each chapter treats of a particular subject: the country and its peoples, the states of the princes, the Afghan frontier, government, army, civil service, law, education, art and culture, peasants, landholders, famine relief, irrigation, railways, finance, trade and industry, labor, population and poverty, drink and opium. Since each chapter is written by a specialist, the information is wholly reliable; the chapter on labor, strangely enough, is written by a big employer. But perhaps this seeming oddity makes clear the character of the book as a whole: it is official, looks down from above. Notwithstanding all its valuable information, it tells us very little concerning the Indian people themselves and the way they live. On the other hand, there is left a distinct impression that the British official class has resigned itself to the prospect of being displaced by Indians.

Fiction

DOCTOR KERKHOVEN, by Jacob Wassermann. *New York: Liveright, Inc. $3.*

In 1914, in the world that was, the officer, industrialist and explorer, Johann Irlen, came to his mother's house in Central Germany "like a wounded wolf that drags itself to the nearest hole for hiding," a victim of the African sleeping sickness. In his physician, Doctor Kerkhoven, he discovers a great gift, an inward psychic authority. He dies by the merciful hand of Doctor Kerkhoven, and we are led to believe, if we choose, that his spirit then enters the doctor, augmenting his power. At this time the doctor falls deeply in love with Marie Bergmann, Irlen's niece, and his worshipful Italian wife Nina goes mad with grief.

In the 1920's, in the world that is (for Wassermann has been engaged in writing this monumental novel for six years), Doctor Kerkhoven, through the development of a supersensory curiosity, has become a world figure. "With his statement regarding the exercise a definite influence on contemporary thought." Marie is now his legal wife; she is a passionate, intelligent and sensitive being. The reader's attention is focused, however, on Etzel Andergast, a character first introduced in "The Maurizius Case." He comes into the doctor's home with his craze for justice laid heavily upon him; he ends by seducing Marie and by fleeing from the consequences of his act.

Wassermann has attempted to express the neurosis of a period. The story, conceived on a grand scale with many subsidiary figures, is surcharged with an almost febrile power. It is often reminiscent of Dostoevsky, as in Etzel's "yearning for guilt," but these passions and compulsions do not come from deep within, nor are these characters identified with their deeds so truthfully and thoroughly as to become in any way universal. Beneath the wisdom, compassion and vigor of "Doctor Kerkhoven" there is a residue of vague and specious mysticism.

IMAGINED CORNERS, by Willa Muir. *New York: The Century Company. $2.*

There appears to be at present a conscious Scottish movement, to which this mature and well organized novel by the wife of Edwin Muir is a contribution of merit. With feeling observation, Mrs. Muir presents seven lives in a small Scots village—seven lives in confusion, each stumbling over the stones of prejudice and superstition and finally seeking escape. The minister, spiritually hungry and uncertain, finds it in death; his mentally disordered brother is sent to an asylum, no true escape; John Shand is solaced by his love for his sister, and she in turn, the first of all the family to run away, has her refuge in a Mediterranean village, to which she takes young Elizabeth Shand. The husband of Elizabeth supposes that a voyage to Singapore with a trollop will somehow mend his life. Elizabeth's desire to be a good wife, and when this ambition fails her, the girlish faith she feels in the earth-force, make her a very real and sympathetic character.

Contributors

JOHN CROWE RANSOM, poet and essayist, author of "God Without Thunder," contributor to the Southern symposium, "I'll Take My Stand," and a professor of English at Vanderbilt University, is at present in England on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

ALLEN TATE, biographer, poet and critic, is completing a life of Robert E. Lee and in March will publish his second volume of verse, "Poems: 1928—1931."

WAYNE GARD is an editorial writer for The Des Moines Register and Tribune and a part-time lecturer at Drake University.

GARDNER JACKSON, formerly a reporter and editorial writer on The Boston Globe, is Washington correspondent for The Toronto Star.

LINCOLN STEFFENS, whose autobiography, published a year ago by Harcourt, Brace, described in detail his adventurous career as journalist, editor and liberal, is at present living in Carmel, California.

VINCENT SHEEAN, formerly a foreign correspondent for The Chicago Tribune, is the author of "Gog and Magog" and other books. He is a frequent contributor to The Atlantic Monthly, Asia and other magazines.

ALFRED DASHIELL, who is a native of Snow Hill, Maryland, the scene of the early stages of the Lee trial which he describes in his communication, was once a reporter on The Baltimore Evening Sun. He is now connected with Scribner's Magazine.

SIDNEY B. FAY is a professor of History at Harvard University and author of "The Origins of the World War," which was published in this country in 1928 and subsequently in Germany and France.

MURRAY GODWIN, author of several satirical poems, essays and short stories for various magazines, is at present free-lancing in New York City.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON organized at the University of Wisconsin some of the earliest courses in comparative contemporary drama. He is the editor of "Chief Con-

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